

From the Spectator.

BERNARD BARTON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

THERE is more of melancholy about the disappearance of the lesser than the greater stars of literature. The author whose works are for "all time" is as much alive to posterity as he was to his contemporaries; the writer whose name is to dwindle away through a slow tradition, and only be preserved for the literary student in literary history, comes more home to the feelings of our common nature—"mentem mortalia tangunt." When accident or satire turns up a name once frequent in the world's mouth, but now forgotten save by those whose trade it is to remember such, a feeling arises akin to that which touches the mind of the wayfarer who lingers over the mementos of mortality in a country churchyard.

The feeling is deeper, or at least fuller, in the case of a contemporary who continually appeared before the public, whose subjects were generally associated with the common sentiments and common feelings of mankind, and whose treatment if deficient in art and study was always pleasing—not too homely for the refined, not too deep or lofty for the humble. Such was Bernard Barton; some of whose strains yet linger in the memory, and who was almost tenderly associated in many minds from his long connection with the *Annals*. Indeed, to their better spirit his own was appropriate, and they seem to have perished with it not before him.

The genius of Bernard Barton was probably capable of achieving greater excellence than his poems exhibit. Although he cannot exactly be called the founder of a school, we think he was the first in point of time who practised the domestic or household style of poetry, where the common incidents of daily life, the things or circumstances that are familiar to all of us, and the sentiments which are colored by a high state of civilization, if they are not owing to it, are embodied in smooth and pleasing rather than strong and striking verse. If this style were carried to the pitch which the style is capable of, the founder might be entitled to the praise of an original poet. As he did not reach, and apparently did not aim at the highest excellence, his merit of priority was lost in a crowd of imitators; while Mrs. Hemans and (perhaps) Miss Landon, by adding the historical and romantic to their humbler themes, have attracted to themselves some of that reputation which rightfully belonged to Bernard Barton. But it must be owned, that if we judge from actual specimens, not from possible excellence, the style was not striking in itself. It was one of those ideas

which arise spontaneously in many minds under certain conditions of society, and is therefore rather to be considered as common to many a moderate than peculiar to one original mind. It is natural but obvious.

The biographical information in the present volume lets us into part of the secret of Bernard Barton's acquiescence in a pleasing mediocrity, instead of struggling for excellence. He had little literature and little leisure; his genius was discursive rather than concentrated; and he had the fatal gift of easy fluency. "He wrote in numbers for the numbers came;" or if they did not, he poured out his thoughts in prose—always agreeable, it would seem, and with a substratum of reality, but of necessity superficial, and dependent for attraction on the subject, or the felicity of the hour. His rapidity of composition, its injurious effects upon his poetical character, with the outline of his literary career, are well and succinctly told by the friend who arranged and added to the autobiographical papers which Bernard Barton left behind him.

In 1812, he published his first volume of poems, called "*Metrical Effusions*," and began a correspondence with Southey, who continued to give him most kind and wise advice for many years. * *

In 1818 Bernard Barton published by subscription a thin quarto volume—"Poems by an Amateur;" and shortly afterwards appeared under the auspices of a London publisher in a volume of "*Poems*," which, being favorably reviewed in the "*Edinburgh*," reached a fourth edition by 1825. In 1822 came out his "*Napoleon*," which he managed to get dedicated and presented to George the Fourth. And now being launched upon the public with a favoring gale, he pushed forward with an eagerness that was little to his ultimate advantage. Between 1822 and 1828 he published five volumes of verse. Each of these contained many pretty poems; but many that were very hasty, and written more as task-work, when the mind was already wearied with the desk-labors of the day; not waiting for the occasion to suggest, nor the impulse to improve. Of this he was warned by his friends, and of the danger of making himself too cheap with publishers and the public. But the advice of others had little weight in the hour of success with one so inexperienced and so hopeful as himself. And there was in Bernard Barton a certain boyish impetuosity in pursuit of anything he had at heart, that age itself scarcely could subdue. Thus it was with his correspondence; and thus it was with his poetry. He wrote always with great facility, almost unretarded by that worst labor of correction; for he was not fastidious himself about exactness of thought or harmony of numbers, and he could scarce comprehend why the public should be less easily satisfied.

One reason assigned by his biographer for the poet's "mistaken activity" was, that publishing

* Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his daughter. Published by Hall and Virtue.

was the sole event which varied the monotony of Bernard Barton's life. His career, indeed, was uneventful enough. He was born in 1784; lost both his parents in early life; was sent to a Quaker school at Ipswich, and on leaving it was apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Halsted in Essex, where "he stood behind the counter for eight years."

In 1806 he went to Woodbridge; and a year after married Lucy Jesup, the niece of his former master, and entered into partnership with her brother as coal and corn merchant. But she died a year after marriage, in giving birth to the only child, who now survives them both; and he, perhaps sickened with the scene of his blighted love, and finding, like his father, that he had less taste for the ledger than for literature, almost directly quitted Woodbridge, and engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr. Waterhouse, a merchant in Liverpool. There Bernard Barton had some family connections; and there also he was kindly received and entertained by the Roscoe family, who were old acquaintances of his father and mother.

After a year's residence in Liverpool he returned to Woodbridge, and there became clerk in Messrs. Alexander's bank—a kind of office which secures certain if small remuneration, without any of the anxiety of business; and there he continued for forty years, working till within two days of his death.

This took place suddenly, on the 19th February in the present year, from disease of the heart.

The volume before us contains the memoir from which we have already quoted, a selection from the correspondence of Bernard Barton, and a selection from his poems; forming altogether a volume of much interest. The memoir is one of the best things of the kind we have seen, both as regards judgment and execution. The poet and the man are thoroughly appreciated, and, what is rare when the biographer is a friend, are rated at their true value—the good qualities of each perceived, the failings not overlooked but touched gently. The facts of the life are narrated rapidly; the habits and peculiarities of the subject are presented as only personal knowledge can present them; and Bernard Barton is allowed to tell his own story when his letters are biographical. The selection from the poet's correspondence is perhaps a little overdone, some of the letters being on personal topics or matters of mere opinion: in general, however, they are full of character; especially those from Charles Lamb, who comes out genially rich, and from Bernard himself, who in his way is almost as rich as Lamb, and not unlike him—such as Charles might have been had fate made him a Quaker. This letter on fame, which explains itself, is a sober "Eliu."

9 mo. 1, 1845.

Many years ago I wrote some verses for a child's annual to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother teaching him Bible history from the Dutch tiles round their fireplace. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief

celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk of fame! is not this a fame which comes home, not only to "men's business and bosoms," but to children's noses into the bargain! Tom Churchyard (an artist) calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scornfully at it, and says he would cuff any urchin whom he caught blowing his nose on one of his sketches. All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame. 'Tis like the image the Babylonish king dreamt of, with its golden head, baser metal lower down, and miry clay for the feet. It will not do to be fastidious; you must take the idol as it is—its gold scone if you can get it—if not, take the clay feet, or one toe of another foot, and be thankful, and make what you can of it. I write verse to be read; it is a matter of comparative indifference to me whether I am read from a fine bound book on a drawing-room table, or spelt over from a penny rag of a kerchief by the child of a peasant or a weaver. So, honor to the cotton-printer, say I, whoever he be; that bit of rag is my patent as a household poet.

Bernard Barton was a Quaker and a stanch one, but he was of far too genial a nature to care for the fopperies of the Friends, or to circumscribe salvation to a sect. His elder sister, his daughter, and other near connections, formally left "the meeting," and were baptized in the "steeple-house," with his regrets, but no other feeling. He himself did not scruple to attend the church service; and he graciously bore with the surveillance and remonstrances of the strictest of his sect. Besides its other features, his correspondence is curious for occasional glimpses of the arbitrary interference of Quakers with the personal conduct of one another. Here are his pleadings on the waistcoat and the bell.

9 mo. 12, 1846.

And now, my dear old friend of above twenty years' standing, I have two points on which I must try to right myself in thy good opinion—the swansdown waistcoat, and the bell with the somewhat unquakerly inscription of "Mr. Barton's bell" graven above the handle thereof. I could not well suppress a smile at both counts of the indictment, for both are true to a certain extent, though I do not know that I should feel at all bound to plead guilty to either in a criminal one. It is true that prior to my birthday, now nearly two years ago, my daughter, without consulting me, did work for me in worsted work, as they do now-a-days for slippers, a piece of sempstress-ship or needle-craft, forming the forepart of a waistcoat; the pattern of which being rather larger than I should have chosen had choice been allowed me, gave it some semblance of the striped or flowered waistcoats, which, for aught I know, may be designated at swansdown; but the colors, drab and chocolate, were so very sober, that I put it on as I found it, thinking no evil, and wore it first and week days all last winter, and may probably through the coming one, at least on week days. It is cut in my wonted single-breasted fashion; and as my collarless coat, coming pretty forward, allows no great display of it, I had not heard before a word of scandal, or even censure, on its unfriendliness. Considering who worked it for me, I am not sure had the royal arms been worked thereon, if in such sober colors, but I might have worn it, and thought it less fine and less fashionable than the velvet and silk ones which I have seen, ere now, in our gal-

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DR. CHALMERS' PRELECTIONS.*

THIS concluding volume of the edition of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers contains the lectures, notes, or commentaries, delivered by the great preacher of the Scottish Church from the Theological chair, on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity. There are two modes, as Dr. Chalmers lays it down, of teaching that "most voluminous of all the sciences, theology." * * * "One method is for the professor to describe the whole mighty series of topics in written compositions of his own." Another, and our author thinks a better way, is to take certain classics in theology, to prescribe a given portion to be read and digested by the students at home, to subject them to examination in the lecture-room on what they have thus perused and mastered, and then for the professor to give "prelections" on the successive parts so read, as Dr. Chalmers has done in the volume before us.

The plan has this objection, if it is an objection—the student will not be surrounded by the theologico-literary atmosphere of his own day, nor will the latest novelties in theology be presented to his mind, unless the teacher add a kind of supplement to his commentaries. In other points of view the method is a very good one. The student has the printed text of an established classic before him to study at leisure, instead of listening to a spoken lecture that may be far from classical, and of which he, however attentive, can only carry a portion away. A full knowledge of his author will be secured by a proper examination of the pupils, especially if their teacher look into their note-books to see whether they have really made the species of analytical abridgment Dr. Chalmers recommended to his class. Any errors in the original author may be pointed out by the prelector, any obscurities cleared up, and any deficiencies supplied, even to the extent of whole topics if such should be omitted in the original.

No objection can be taken to Dr. Chalmers' choice of books. Butler shows the consistency of revelation with creation such as we see it, and the probability of the scriptural revelation; thus placing Christianity on the basis of nature. Paley rightly comes next in order, with historical and logical evidences in support of that Christianity whose possibility Butler had argued for, while he had shown the probability of some revelation. Hill, unfolding a professor's system of what may be called clerical theology, properly closes the series, and winds up with the professional, as it were, in opposition to the general character of the preceding writers.

In a scholastic sense, the execution is not equal

* Prelections on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity. With two Introductory Lectures, and four Addresses delivered in the New College, Edinburgh. By the late Thomas Chalmers, DD., LL.D. (Chalmers' Posthumous Works, Volume IX.) Published by Hamilton and Adams, London; and Sutherland and Knox, Edinburgh.

leries, and worn by Friends of high standing and undoubted orthodoxy. But I attach comparatively little importance to dress, while there is enough left in the tout ensemble of the costume to give ample evidence that the wearer is a Quaker. So much for the waistcoat; now for the bell! I live in the back part of the bank premises, and the approach to the yard leading to my habitat is by a gate opening out of the principal street or thoroughfare through our town; the same gate serving for an approach to my cousin's kitchen-door, to a large bar-iron warehouse in the same yard, and I know not what besides. Under these circumstances, some notification was thought needful to mark the bell appertaining to our domicile, though I suppose nearly a hundred yards off; and the bell-hanger, without any consultation with me, and without my knowledge, had put these words over the handle of the bell, in a recess or hole in the wall by the gate-side; and they had stood there unnoticed and unobserved by me for weeks, if not months, before I ever saw them. When aware of their being there, having had no concern whatever in their being put there, having given no directions for their inscription, and not having to pay for them, I quietly let them stand; and, until thy letter reached me, I have never heard one word of comment on said inscription as an unquakerly one; for I believe it is well known among all our neighbors that the job of making two houses out of one was done by contract with artisans not of us, who executed their commission according to the usual custom, without taking our phraseology into account. Such, my good friend, are the simple facts of the two cases.

We close our extracts from this agreeable volume with a story from the memoir, throwing light upon a prime minister as well as the poet.

In 1845 came out his last volume, which he got permission to dedicate to the queen. He sent also a copy of it to Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, with whom he had already corresponded slightly on the subject of the income-tax, which Mr. Barton thought pressed rather unduly on clerks and others whose narrow income was only for life. Sir Robert asked him to dinner at Whitehall. "Twenty years ago," writes Barton, "such a summons had elated and exhilarated me—now I feel humbled and depressed at it. Why, but that I verge on the period when the lighting down of the grasshopper is a burden, and desire itself begins to fail." He went, however, and was sincerely pleased with the courtesy and astonished at the social ease of a man who had so many and so heavy cares on his shoulders. When the Quaker poet was first ushered into the room, there were but three guests assembled, of whom he little expected to know one. But the mutual exclamations of "George Airy!" and "Bernard Barton!" soon satisfied Sir Robert as to his country guests feeling at home at the great town-dinner.

On leaving office a year after, Sir Robert recommended him to the queen for an annual pension of 100l.; one of the last acts, as the retiring minister intimated, of his official career, and one he should always reflect on with pleasure. B. Barton gratefully accepted the boon. And to the very close of life he continued, after his fashion, to send letters and occasional poems to Sir Robert, and to receive a few kind words in reply.

to the plan. Probably it was some misgiving as to how far his previous habits and studies had fitted him for the task of unfolding an entire system of theology, that suggested to Dr. Chalmers the course we have described; since, however generally preferable his method may be, there was no reason why a man of ambition and ability should not have given a course of lectures adapted to his own times. Even in the humbler and more discursive path he has chosen, there is some want of the clearness and closeness of the well-trained scholar and divine. There is something of the platform orator in the manner in which he now and then needlessly heaps illustration upon illustration, and smothers an argument by avoidance or by words, rather than settles it in a close grapple. Occasionally he appears to be averse to "close quarters," and keeps firing long shots, as much round as at the mark. It should be observed, however, that these observations apply more to Paley's *Evidences* than to the other authors; and Dr. Chalmers' Notes on Paley are only fragments, the choicer matter having been used in other works. The peculiarities, though not adding to the value of the prelections in a scientific sense, have attraction from their display of the genius of the author, and his well-stored, various, and discursive mind. They also very often contain useful advice to the young divine; and, when impressed by Chalmers' earnest yet playful manner, they might be more serviceable in fact than they may seem in print. The following hints on preaching may be advantageously pondered by young pulpit orators; though they are not likely to repeat the good story that closes them.

I doubt if the literary or argumentative evidence is a befitting topic for the pulpit at all. The tendency of the youthful preacher, when warm from the hall, is to prepare and preach sermons on the leading topics of the Deistical controversy, and sometimes even to come forth with the demonstrations, the merely academic demonstrations, of natural theology. It is not stripping the expositions of the pulpit of evidence, and of sufficient evidence, even though the historical argument, or indeed any formal argument whatever, should form no part of them. If, as we believe, the main credentials of Christianity lie in its substance and contents, then you, in the simple unfolding of these contents, are in fact presenting them with the credentials, although you never offer them to their notice as credentials, but simply as truths which do in fact carry the belief by their own manifestation to the consciences of the people. In making demonstration of their guilt, in making proposal to them of the offered remedy, in representing the danger of those who have embraced him—when thus employed, you are dealing with what I would call the great elements of preaching; and it is a mistake, that because not formally descanting on the evidence, you are therefore laboring to form a Christianity among your people without evidence. In the language of the Apostle, what you thus preach can commend itself to every man's conscience, and the resulting faith is neither the faith of imagination

nor of servile compliance with authority; but a faith which has a substantial and vindicable ground of evidence to rest upon, and not the less substantial and vindicable though not one word about the vindication ever passes betwixt you and the people whom you are the instrument of Christianizing.

The most striking example of the inapplicable introduction of an academic subject into the pulpit that I remember to have heard of, occurred many years ago in the west of Scotland; when a preacher, on receiving a presentation to a country parish, preached his first and customary sermon previous to the moderation of the call. The people were not, even from the first, very much prepossessed in his favor; and he unfortunately did not make ground amongst them by this earliest exhibition of his gifts, he having selected for the topic of his pulpit demonstration the immateriality of the soul. This had the effect of ripening and confirming their disinclination into a violent antipathy, which carried them so far, that they lodged with the Presbytery a formal complaint against him, containing a series of heavy charges; where, among other articles of their indictment, they alleged that he told them the soul was immaterial—which, according to their version of it, was tantamount to telling them that it was not material whether they had souls or no.

This passage is from the Notes on Hill; which are closer than those on Paley, probably for the reason already suggested. We, however, rate the commentary on Butler the highest. The clear, close logic of the bishop keeps Dr. Chalmers closer to his subject, and the *Analogy* may have been an old and familiar companion. He takes large views of its subject and treatment; his criticism is sounder and firmer; though he is more successful in impugning the evangelism than the logic of Butler. The last century was deficient, no doubt, in vital religion; but perhaps Dr. Chalmers may not have sufficiently discriminated between an argument addressed under an assumed state of things, and an opinion held absolutely. At the same time, it must be allowed that Butler and many of his contemporaries (very pious men too) did not partake of the views of the Puritans, or of the Methodists of the last century, and might not have gone the more sober length of some modern sects as to new birth and the instantaneous effects of grace.

Butler, in one brief paragraph of this chapter, exceeds the usual aim and limit of his argument, and aspires to an absolute vindication of the ways of God. He tells us that, in regard to religion, there is no more required of men than what they are well able to do and well able to go through. We fear that he here makes the first, though not the only exhibition which occurs in the work, of his meagre and moderate theology. There seems no adequate view in this passage of man's total inability for what is spiritually and acceptably good; for, by the very analogy which he institutes, the doctrine of any special help to that obedience which qualifies for heaven is kept out of sight. We are represented as fit for the work of religion, in the same way that we are fit, by a moderate degree of care, for managing our temporal affairs with tolerable prudence. There is no account made here of that peculiar helplessness which obtains in the mat-

ters of religion, and that does not obtain in the matters of ordinary prudence : yet a helplessness which forms no excuse, lying, as it does, in the resolute and by man himself unconquerable aversion of his will to God and godliness. There is nothing in this to break the analogies on which to found the negative vindication that forms the great and undoubted achievement of this volume, and with which, perhaps, it were well if both its author and its readers would agree to be satisfied. The analogy lies here—that if a man wills to obtain prosperity in this life, he may, if observant of the rules which experience and wisdom prescribe, in general make it good ; and if he will to attain to blessedness in the next life, he shall, if observant of what religion prescribes, and in conformity with the declaration that he who seeketh findeth, he shall most certainly make it good. It is true that in the latter and larger case the condition is universally wanting ; for man, in his natural state, has no relish and no will for that holiness without which we cannot see God. But to meet this peculiar helplessness, there has been provided a peculiar remedy ; for God makes a people willing in the day of his power, and gives his Holy Spirit to them who ask it.

Dr. Chalmers oftener than once recurs to the topic : the Anti-Calvinism of Butler finds no favor in his eyes ; and at last he seems to intimate, that, however eminent as a defender of the faith, the bishop personally was in a dubious way.

It were great and unwarrantable presumption to decide on the personal Christianity of Butler ; but I may at least remark on the possibility, nay, I would even go so far as to say, the frequency of men able and accomplished, and zealous for the general defence of Christianity, being at the same time meagre and vague in their views of its subject-matter. I might state it as my impression of our great author, that when he does offer his own representations on the form and economy of that dispensation under which we sit, he seems to me as if not prepared to state the doctrines of our faith in all that depth and peculiarity wherewith they are rendered in the New Testament. That man achieves a great service who, by strengthening the outworks of our Zion, places her in greater security from the assaults of the enemy without ; but that man, I would say, achieves a higher service who can unfold to the friends and disciples who are within, the glories of the inner temple. Now I will say of Butler, that he appears more fitted for the former than for the latter of these achievements. I would trust him more on the question who the letter comes from, than I would on the question what the letter says ; and I do exceedingly fear, that living, as he did, at a period when a blight had descended on the church of England—at a time when rationality was vigorous but piety was languid and cold—at a time when there had been a strong revulsion from the zeal and the devotedness, and withal the occasional excesses, of Puritanism—I do fear, I say, that this illustrious defender of the repository which held the truth would have but inadequately expounded in all its richness and personal application the truth itself. I think it but fair to warn you, that up and down throughout the volume there do occur the symptoms of a heart not thoroughly evangelized, of a shortness and a laxity in his doctrinal religion, of a disposition perhaps to nauseate as fanatical those profound impressions of human depravity and the need of a Saviour, and

the virtue of his atoning sacrifice, and the utter helplessness of man without the Spirit of God, not to reform merely but to renew, not to amend but to regenerate, not to fan into vitality the latent sparks of virtue and goodness which may be supposed originally to reside in the human constitution, but to quicken him from his state of death in trespasses and sins, so that from a child of the world he may be transformed into one of the children of light, who, aforesaid alive only to the things of sense, becomes now alive to the things of faith—alive to God. There is nothing I feel less disposed to exercise than the office of a jealous or illiberal inquisitor upon one who has wielded so high the polemic arm in the battle of the faith. But I would caution you, when I meet with such an expression as that of the Holy Ghost given to good men, against the delusion of this preternatural aid being only given for the purpose of helping further onward those who have previously, and by dint of their own independent exertions, so far helped themselves. I would have you to understand that the intervention of this heavenly agent is the outset of conversion, and accompanies all the stages of it. He is not only given in large measure to good men, but He makes men good.

LIFE AND PEOPLE AT THE BERMUDAS.

THE Bermudas, named from Juan Bermudas, are thus described in a letter from Mr. Foote to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser :

Great Britain has neglected nothing to increase their natural strength, and make the islands perfectly secure as a naval station. Every height or projecting headland is fortified and bristles with cannon ; but the reef that encircles the whole group at the distance of from one to ten or more miles, constitutes their real substantial defence. There is but one entrance within this reef, practicable for sea-going vessels, and even when within, if the buoys marking the channel were removed, a vessel, unless enjoying the advantages of the very best pilotage, would almost inevitably strike on some sharp coral bank. As it is, no one ever thinks of taking in a vessel in the night.

Ireland's Island is a mass of soft white limestone, with an area of perhaps fifty or seventy-five acres, the whole of which is nearly covered with barracks for the troops, governmental offices and storehouses, and a few shops and dwelling houses. A mole, beautifully made of the limestone, about one thousand feet in length and a hundred yards or so from the shore, makes a small harbor, within which lies the hulk for the convicts. The precise number of the convicts now here, I could not learn ; but there are probably over a thousand. They do not look like very desperate characters, and appear to have a pretty easy time. Their chief employment is getting out and dressing stone, at which they work in squads, under the eye of an overseer, about eight hours a day. They are lively and chatty, and many of them, I dare say, are better off than they ever were before in their lives. In their leisure hours they occupy themselves in reading such books as are furnished them, or in making toys and ornaments of various kinds, out of coral and a beautiful species of spar that is found abundantly in the hollows and cavities of the rock, and bears a very high polish. These they sell silyly to visitors at a moderate price.

The troops stationed here are the 42d Highland-

ers—a fine body of men, but not as stalwart nor so martial in their bearing as the 93d, stationed in Canada a few years since—and two or three companies altogether of artillery and sappers and miners. Strict discipline is maintained, and the utmost vigilance is at all times observed. Some months ago, when Mitchell, the Irish patriot, was here, and there was insane talk in the States about rescuing him—a job that would have proved about as possible as sculling a boat up Niagara Falls—the guns were all shotted and manned, with fires lighted, ready for instant service if needed, on the approach of any vessel in the offing. Defended as the Bermudas are by nature and high art, they may be considered almost impregnable. Fortunately, war between the U. States and England is an almost impossible event, but if, by any misfortune, it should occur, these islands would be a perfect hornet's nest to us. With the exception of St. Helena, they are more isolated, that is, further removed from any other land, than any spot on the globe. The nearest land is Cape Hatteras, which is five hundred and eighty miles distant.

The precise number of islands and islets composing the group has never been distinctly ascertained, but is popularly said to be three hundred and sixty-five. Many of them, of course, are nothing but mere points of rock, a few yards square. Bermuda, the principal island, is some six or eight miles long, with an average breadth of perhaps a mile. The chief town or capital of the group, Hamilton, is on this island. We ran up to it, about six miles from our anchorage, the day after we arrived. The boats in use here are of a very peculiar construction, built of cedar, exceedingly light and buoyant, excellent sea-boats and sail like witches. The run up to Hamilton was delightful. The morning had been very warm, thermometer at 80° in the shade, but about 9 o'clock a fresh breeze sprung up, bringing with it light fleecy clouds, covering the whole group and the encircling reef, as if a vast pavilion had been specially raised, and radiant at times with the most gorgeous colors, as the sun's rays were refracted by the masses of vapor.

The island, as we sped merrily up the sound, was dotted all over with neat houses, all built of the soft limestone, and all, with scarcely an exception, of the most intense, brilliant white, even to the roofs, which were composed of thin slabs of stone. Some of these houses in the vicinity of Hamilton, embowered in shade, would be considered charming villas in any country. The town of Hamilton may have fifteen hundred inhabitants. The buildings make no architectural pretensions, but look comfortable, and altogether the town has a very inviting appearance. I saw here a very beautiful shrub that attains about the same height our lilacs do, bearing a very large flower, of the purest snow white in the morning. At noon the flower changes to a delicate pink, and at sunset it changes again to a crimson, shrivels up and falls. I did not hear its name. The oleander flourishes magnificently—some of them, in fact, are almost trees.

The great lion of the islands is a small pond artificially stocked with fish, about six miles from Hamilton. The drive to it is the most delightful that can be conceived. Imagine a road perfectly white and as smooth as the most nicely tended walk in a gentleman's garden—the walks within the fort at Michilimackinac are just like it—shaded by every variety of luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation, mod-

est white villas everywhere gleaming through the palmettoes, bananas, limes, or cedars, here skirting the beach on which the blue sea gently breaks, or rounding some easy swelling eminence, and you can have some idea of the drive to the Groopers' Pond. But no effort of the imagination can supply the soft, delicious atmosphere that it was luxury to breathe, while the delicate purple that it gave to every distant headland and rounded hill lent additional charm to the beautiful landscape.

We drew up by the side of a low stone structure about fifteen yards square, and here our driver told us was the pond. On the other side of the road the tiny waves of a shallow cove were leaving a light line of foam almost against our carriage wheels. A man came out of a neighboring house, unlocked a door in the wall, and we entered. Within the enclosure was a hole in the rock about thirty feet long by twenty wide, and twenty or thirty feet deep. Into this hole the sea found its way by fissures in the rock, and this was the famous pond. The water was clear as crystal, and floating in it were eight hundred *groopers*, of from five to fifteen pounds' weight each. The average, I should think, was not far from eight pounds. They rose to the surface of the water as we stepped upon the rim of their cup, and with prominent, codfish-like eyes and open mouths garnished with ugly looking teeth, watched all our movements. If one of our party made a splash in the water with his hand, instead of retreating, the fish would make a dash to seize his fingers. One gentleman drew out a fish that would weigh ten pounds, that had seized the crooked handle of his cane. A man's life, if in the pool with them, would be worth less than if thrown into a den of ravening panthers.

The fish are caught off the shore, which they visit at irregular intervals, and thrown into the pond, whence they are taken when required. When in the pond, there is no difficulty in catching any one that may be pointed out. All that is necessary is to wait till he is a little separated from his fellows, and then cast the hook before him. It matters little whether the hook be baited or not. It is sure to be caught at greedily. We saw several so caught, and for flavor and texture we can vouch that they are not surpassed by any fish that swims. We returned by a different road, one that skirted the sea nearly the whole distance, passing by the governor's house, the Lunatic Asylum, and many other places of local note. There was a gay party that evening at dinner at the Yacht Hotel in Hamilton.

DEVOTION.

I NEVER could find a good reason

Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.

Our cares would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best;
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest.

That spirit 's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

From the Examiner.*

Shirley. A Tale. By CURRER BELL, author of "Jane Eyre." Three vols. Smith and Elder.*

THE peculiar power which was so greatly admired in *Jane Eyre* is not absent from this book. Indeed, it is repeated, if we may so speak of anything so admirable, with too close and vivid a resemblance. The position of *Shirley* and her tutor is that of *Jane* and her master reversed. Robert and Louis Moore are not quite such social savages, externally, as Mr. Rochester; but in trifling with women's affections they are hardly less harsh or selfish, and they are just as strong in will and giant in limb. The heroines are of the family of *Jane*, though with charming differences, having wilful as well as gentle ways, and greatly desiderating "masters." The expression of motive by means of dialogue is again indulged to such minute and tedious extremes, that what ought to be developments of character in the speaker become mere exertations of will and intellect in the author. And, finally, the old theme of tutors and governesses is pushed here and there to the tiresome point. The lesson intended is excellent; but works of art should be something more than moral parables, and should certainly embody more truths than one.

While we thus freely indicate the defects of *Shirley*, let us at the same time express, what we very strongly feel, that the freshness and lively interest which the author has contrived to impart to a repetition of the same sort of figures, grouped in nearly the same social relations, as in her former work, is really wonderful. It is the proof of genius. It is the expression of that intellectual faculty, or quality, which feels the beautiful, the grand, the humorous, the characteristic, as vividly after the thousandth repetition as when it first met the sense. We formerly compared the writer to Godwin, in the taste manifested for mental analysis as opposed to the dealing with events; and might have taken Lord Byron within the range of the comparison. As in *Jane Eyre*, so in *Shirley*, the characters, imagery, and incidents are not impressed from without, but elaborated from within. They are the reflex of the writer's peculiar feelings and wishes. In this respect alone, however, does she resemble the two authors named. She does not, like Godwin, subordinate human interests to moral theories, nor, like Byron, waste her strength in impetuous passion. Keen, intellectual analysis is her forte; and she seems to be, in the main, content with the existing structure of society, and would have everybody make the most of it.

As well in remarking on *Jane Eyre*, as in noticing other books from the same family, if not from the same hand, we have directed attention to an excess of the repulsive qualities not seldom rather coarsely indulged. We have it in a less degree in *Shirley*, but here it is. With a most delicate and intense perception of the beautiful, the

writer combines a craving for stronger and rougher stimulants. She goes once again to the dales and fells of the north for her scenery, erects her "confessionals" on a Yorkshire moor, and lingers with evident liking amid society as rough and stern as the forms of nature which surround them. She has a manifest pleasure in dwelling even on the purely repulsive in human character. We do not remember the same taste to the same extent in any really admirable writer, or so little in the way of playful or tender humor to soften and relieve the habit of harsh delineation. Plainly she is deficient in humor. In the book before us, what is stern and hard about Louis Moore is meant to be atoned by a dash of that genial quality. But while the disagreeable ingredient is powerfully portrayed in action, the fascinating play of fancy is no more than talked about.

Is there, indeed, in either of these books, or any of the writings which bear the name of "Bell," one really natural, and no more than natural, character—a character, we mean, in which the natural is kept within its simple and right proportions? We suspect it would be hardly an exaggeration to answer this question in the negative. The personages to whom Currer Bell introduces us are created by intellect, and are creatures of intellect. Habits, actions, conduct are attributed to them, such as we really witness in human beings; but the reflections and language which accompany these actions, are those of intelligence fully developed, and entirely self-conscious. Now in real men and women such clear knowledge of self is rarely developed at all, and then only after long trials. We see it rarely in the very young—seldom or ever on the mere threshold of the world. The sentient and impulsive preponderates, at least in this stage of existence; at the utmost, the intellectual only struggles to emerge from it. It is impossible to imagine that *Shirley* and her lover could have refined into each other's feelings with such keen intellectual clearness, as in the dialogues and interviews detailed, yet remained ignorant so long of what it most behooved them both to know. But even in the children described in this book we find the intellectual predominant and supreme. The young Yorkes, ranging from twelve years down to six, talk like Scotch professors of metaphysics, and argue, scheme, vituperate, and discriminate, like grown up men and women.

Yet in spite of this, and of the very limited number of characters and incidents in this tale as in the former, the book before us possesses deep interest, and an irresistible grasp of reality. There is a vividness and distinctness of conception in it quite marvellous. The power of graphic delineation and expression is intense. There are scenes which for strength and delicacy of emotion are not transcended in the range of English fiction. There is an art of creating sudden interest in a few pages worth volumes of common-place description. *Shirley* does not enter till the last chapter in the first volume, but at once takes the heroine's place.

* Reprinted by Harper and Brothers.

Louis Moore does not enter till the last chapter of the second volume, yet no one would dream of disputing with him the character of hero.

Story there is none in *Shirley*. The principal continuous interest of the book attaches to two brothers, and two girls with whom they are in love. The Gérard Moores, Robert and Louis, are of mixed descent, (from a Belgian mother and Yorkshire father,) and good family, but in reduced circumstances; the one a manufacturer in the West Riding, the other a tutor in a wealthy gentleman's family. The chosen of Robert is a distant relation whom he calls cousin, Caroline Helstone, a niece and poor dependant of the Vicar of Briarfield—her father having perished in dissolute courses, after grossly maltreating his wife, and driving her from her home and child. The beloved of Louis is the heroine, Shirley Keeldar, an orphan heiress just come of age, her own mistress, a relation of the family in which he is tutor, and herself heretofore his pupil. Robert's disputes with machine-breakers, (the time of the story is that of the reign of King Lud,) his struggles to bear up against the stagnation in trade consequent on the "Orders in Council," and his hesitation between the attractions of wealth in Shirley, and of love in Caroline, make up his part in the story. The elements of that of Louis are still simpler. They are no more than the struggles of a proud mind before it can stoop in poverty to confess its affection for a rich heiress. But the women will be the favorites with all readers. Both are charming. Caroline is a gentle, loving nature, who long loves hopelessly, and "never tells her love," though she lets it be seen. Shirley is, as the "wildly witty" Rosalind, clear, decisive, wilful, self-dependent, yet also most womanly and affectionate; too proud to woo her inferior in station, whom she nevertheless wishes to woo her. The staple of the three volumes is made up of the thinkings, sayings, and doings of these four persons; presented to us less in the manner of a continuous tale, in which incidents spring from character, and reflections are suggested by incidents, than in a series of detached and independent pictures, dialogues, and soliloquies, written or spoken. So instinct with life, however, are these pictures, dialogues, and soliloquies; so replete with power, with beauty, and with subtle reflections, that the want of continuity in the tale is pardoned. Tediumness is felt before the author's purpose comes distinctly in view; but when it does, the interest becomes enchaining. We could not lay down the third volume.

[We omit the extracts, as the book will be so generally read, and copy the conclusion of the Examiner's Review.]

In the predilection and general conclusions of the author of *Shirley* we will not pretend to concur. There is a large and liberal tolerance in them, and a rational acquiescence in the inevitable tendencies of society. But this acquiescence we suspect to be reluctant. There is a hankering, not to be suppressed, after the fleshpots of Egypt—a strong sym-

pathy with toryism and high church. The writer sees clearly that they are things of the past, but cannot help regretting them. The tone assumed to the dissenters and manufacturers is hardly fair. Their high qualities are not denied, but there is a disposition to deepen the shadows in delineating them. There is cordiality when the foibles of rectors and squires are laughed at, but when the defects of the commercial class are touched there is bitterness. The independence and manlier qualities of even that class are nevertheless appreciated, and some truths are told, though told too sharply, by which they may benefit. The views of human nature which pervade the volumes, notwithstanding the taste for dwelling on its harsher features already adverted to, are healthy, tolerant, and encouraging. A sharp relish for the beauties of external nature, no mean power of reproducing them, and occasional glimpses of ideal imagination of a high order, are visible throughout. The writer works upon a very limited range of rather homely materials, yet inspires them with a power of exciting, elevating, pleasing, and instructing, which belongs only to genius of the most unquestionable kind.

We have not hesitated to speak of the writer as a woman. We doubted this, in reading *Jane Eyre*; but the internal evidence of *Shirley* places the matter beyond a doubt.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER! who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in their midnight train,
Stifling the tears for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break!
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger! afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee:
There is one who can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with the prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner! who sitt'st in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead;
Look up from the tomb with the tearful eye—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Seek to the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

From the United Service Magazine.

SPORTING SCENES IN NEPAUL.

In submitting the following sketches of sporting life in the East, I have simply to premise that I have constantly resided in India during the last twenty years, and have been actively employed for some portion of that time in the Nepaul territory, which is an independent state, having a British representative at its court, with the title of Resident, aided by an assistant resident, and a medical officer, with an escort of 110 men. I have been induced, at the request of several friends, to make known some few incidents which have occurred to me personally, in the course of various sporting excursions in that unexplored territory of India, and I trust that the novelty and originality of the facts, to the faithful representation of which I confidently pledge myself, may be found of some interest, especially when it is considered that, from the nature of our treaties with the Nepaul government, and their extreme jealousy towards all Europeans, opportunities similar to those which have fallen to my lot have never been afforded to any other British officer.

The Terai, or more properly the Turiyancee, a long belt, or strip, of low level land, lying along the border of the provinces of Oude and Bahar, consists for the most part of forests nearly seven hundred miles in length, and varying from ten to fifteen miles in breadth. The chief natural produce of the forest are the oak, the pine, the rattan, and the bamboo, all of enormous size, affording cover for almost every animal known in India, from the stately elephant to the savage tiger, the pursuit of which occasions much excitement, although often attended with considerable danger.

In many parts of the forests these animals abound, particularly the elephant, and as the death of one of these magnificent animals will form the principal subject of the present sketch, I will here offer a few remarks upon their nature, and the course pursued by the Nepaulese in obtaining possession of them, which differs greatly from the means employed for similar purposes by the British government in the Chittagong districts, where the elephants are taken by pitfalls and khedahs. The former method is objectionable, because of the enormous bulk of the animals. When falling into the trap, about seven out of ten of them are generally severely injured, and are thus rendered useless to the government. The khedah or enclosure ensures only the taking of small or half-grown male elephants. Remarkably fine and full grown females are frequently captured in this manner. In the Chittagong district are to be found by far the finest and the largest elephants caught in India, but the difficulty of acclimatizing them to upper India is so great that seldom more than four out of ten, when sent to the upper provinces, are preserved; change of food, and, what all natives declare to be a greater evil still, change of "pawnee," (water,) are supposed to be the main causes of premature mortality. The natives of India are firm believers

in water, and every kind of sickness or ailment is invariably laid to the charge of that element; and being great consumers of that beverage, they certainly ought, generally speaking, to be good judges. Be this as it may, the Chittagong elephants are decided water drinkers, and so are those in the upper country; we may therefore infer that the Chittagong water must be the better suited for these animals. It is, however, injuriously operative upon humanity, as witness the frightful enlargement of human legs in that district, arising from elephantiasis, a disease which causes a moderate-sized person's leg to become increased to the dimensions of a muscular Yorkshireman's thigh, his wretched toes appearing like a fringe to his bloated limb. The catching and taming of wild elephants furnish a large source of revenue to the Nepaul government. The mode of taking them is this: The Taroos, or elephant catchers, having marked down a wild herd of 300 or 400 elephants, the following preparations are made. About 200 Taroos collect together, mounted upon elephants, and accompanied by two large "taking elephants," highly fed, and kept always *musth*, (sensual,) and when in that state their ferocity is such, that no one but their keeper dares to approach them. The herd of wild elephants having been started, they get away trumpeting and whistling into the thickest part of the forest, hotly pursued by the mounted Taroos, each of whom is provided with three or more nooses, called the *moosack*, which is made of very strong raw hide, well soaked in oil, and so ingeniously contrived that, when once attached to the elephant, the hind legs are gradually drawn together at every step they take, until he is brought to a complete stand-still. The chase continues frequently for twenty miles at full speed, until, in fact, the wild herd becomes blown and brought to a stand. The danger then commences, from the wild ones dashing at their pursuers, in their turn causing the most intense excitement during half an hour, until the arrival of the two *musth* elephants, whose bulk prevents their keeping up with the more active ones, ridden by the Taroos. These two elephants, each having three keepers upon their backs, dash into the herd. Their appearance, accompanied by the powerful nauseous odor emitted by *musth* elephants, creates an immediate panic among the wild ones, and soon paralyzes their efforts of resistance. The active little Taroos now slide down from their steeds, and under cover of one of the *musth* elephants, who pushes himself forcibly against the wild one selected from the herd, they, in a most dexterous and daring manner, slip the *moosack* on to each of the hind legs, which performance occupies about three minutes. The noosed elephant is then allowed to depart, and he goes off evidently delighted; but as the noose becomes contracted at every stride, he finds his intended flight brought to a close, at a distance of sixty or seventy yards. After operating upon about fifty wild elephants in a similar manner, the Taroos permit the remainder of the

herd to abscond, and employ themselves in fastening the noosed elephants to separate trees, where they are detained from two to three weeks under the careful charge of the takers. If any of the captured show symptoms of violence, they are immediately punished most severely, by two of the large tame elephants, who belabor them unmercifully with their trunks. Two such thrashings effectually cure the most insubordinate, and at the expiration of six weeks, the once free and independent denizen of the forest has a keeper on his back, and becomes as quiet as if he had been in a state of subjection all his life.

As Chittagong is celebrated for the beauty and size of its elephants, so is Nepaul celebrated for the hardness and ugliness of her produce: a fatal peculiarity extended to the Nepaulese themselves. The full-grown female elephants seldom exceed seven feet and a half in height, but the males of forty years old, at which age they are considered to be full grown, are fine fellows, averaging from nine to eleven feet. The elephant whose death I am about to describe was eleven feet four inches in stature. His head and tusks are now in possession of the Earl of Derby, at Knowlsey Park, near Liverpool; and, as his lordship's splendid collection there is open to the public, any one wishing to satisfy himself of the *battering* required by an Indian elephant before he bites the dust can inspect the specimen to which I refer. I can well remember that he fought me for two hours before I killed him, and I had not made his acquaintance (on foot) ten minutes before I repented of my past folly in confronting him, and would, if he had allowed me, have most readily beaten a most ignominious retreat, gladly leaving him even my favorite guns to amuse himself. During my stay at Nepaul, I had upon various occasions been so fortunate as to kill sundry rhinoceroses, tigers, and bears, with some ease, and during a visit of ceremony to the Durbar, (court,) when Mr. Brian Hodgson was resident at Nepaul, to whom much credit is undoubtedly due for his persevering researches in zoology and ornithology, the rajah asked me, at an audience, if I thought I should be able to *kill* a wild elephant. I answered in the affirmative, when he added: "But I wish you to understand, that the one I allude to is a fearful *shetan* (démon): he has been *musth* for many years!" I must here observe, that an elephant when *musth* is mad, and while in that state is always *avoided*, and not driven away (as is generally but erroneously supposed) by the rest of the herd, and is thus consequently compelled to become a solitary, but very dangerous hermit. His highness added, that his elephant-catching had been entirely put a stop to by the animal in question, and that no one dared to go into that part of the forest in which he took up his quarters. I replied, that in elephant-shooting I had acquired but little practical experience, having at that time killed but one, an unfortunate wretch, about fifteen years old, who, either from stupidity or fright, would not get out of my way, and that I had brought him down with

the third shot. The rajah then said, that as he had given me permission (which was the first that had been granted to an English officer) to sport in his forests, I ought to endeavor to render an important service to Nepaul, and that I certainly should do so if I succeeded in destroying this elephant. I immediately undertook the trial, and promised to do my best; but, upon taking leave, the rajah said: "I am not quite in earnest about that elephant, and would rather you should not go near him; for, two years ago, I sent down a couple of guns, six-pounders, to destroy him, but the party, after firing two shots at, and missing him, had to run for their lives, leaving the two six-pounders, which the elephant amused himself by upsetting." I told his highness that, as the elephant had already destroyed so many human beings, (native reports had stated upwards of one hundred, though I considered the number to have been greatly over-rated,) I had made up my mind to encounter this animal. The rajah hereupon appointed two native chiefs, named Sirdar Bowanee Sing, and Sirdar Delhi Sing, the reputed Nimrods of Nepaul, to accompany me. These two chiefs assured the rajah, on taking leave, that if I should not be able to destroy the famous "*Shikar Bassa Hattee*," they would do so; and we shall presently see to what extent these two valiant Sirdars fulfilled their promises.

We took our departure the following day, the Sirdars taking with them at least twenty guns each, English and Hindostanee. I had my own usual battery of two double-barrelled rifles, one single rifle, carrying a 3-oz. ball, and three first-rate double guns. We opened our sporting campaign at Hitounda, the half-way house from Nepaul to the British territory. Many deer, eleven tigers, and seven rhinoceroses, fell to my battery, the two Nepal chiefs having shown a most religious horror of coming in contact with the last-named formidable animals. The Indian rhinoceros is certainly an ugly customer, evincing a great dislike to being disturbed in his muddy bath. Upon being compelled to move, he at once makes off to another swamp, and, if interfered with on his way, he invariably shows fight, and is not then to be despised; for when he once takes up a position, he will dispute it to the last with the most determined ferocity, neither giving nor receiving quarter. I was much amused, after killing my fifth rhinoceros, by being waited upon by the two chiefs in the afternoon, and after the usual compliments, informed by them that they had received orders from the Durbar, to the effect, that the court was surprised, from their own sporting qualifications, that they should allow an Englishman, in their own country, to kill so many rhinoceroses, without their having destroyed one; and, that if they were either unwilling to attempt, or incapable of achieving, such an enterprise, they were immediately to return, to be replaced by other chiefs, who would be more careful not to disgrace themselves as they had done. My chiefs were evidently in a great state of alarm, so I told them, if they

felt inclined to distinguish themselves I would soon procure them a favorable opportunity. They frankly confessed their incapability of profiting by my offers, but earnestly implored me to save their *hoormut* (honor). To this I acceded, and the next day intelligence was brought that there were four rhinoceroses within a mile of us. At their own request, I lent each of the chiefs one of my guns, as they had a firm impression that they were endowed with some kind of *jadoo* (witchcraft). We soon arrived at the head-quarters of the *ghindahs*. They were rolling in the mud, in the midst of a heavy swamp; and, finding themselves disturbed in the midst of their luxurious ablutions, they, as usual, got up, and made for another bath. I immediately intercepted them, and provoked two of the party to hostilities, when down they came to the charge. The brute that rushed at me I killed within six yards of the elephant Megreath, on which I was mounted, and which stood to the charge like a rock. I fortunately hit the rhinoceros in the only vital part, just under the foot of the ear, which is not easily accomplished. The other animal selected my friend Sirdar Delhi Sing's elephant, which immediately turned tail and bolted, but the rhinoceros was too quick for him, came up to the elephant in a few strides, and with his tusks cut the fugitive so severely on the stern—nearly severing his tail—that he attempted to lie down under the pain. But the rhinoceros was again too quick for him, and bringing his horn into play, he introduced it under the elephant's flank; the horn tightened the skin, and then with his two frightful tusks he cut the poor animal so severely, that his entrails came rolling about his legs, as he fell, undergoing the dreadful assaults of his antagonist. The Sirdar now threw himself out of the howdah, and scrambled up a tree, (which was close at hand,) like a galvanized monkey. The other Sirdar was going across country, at Melton pace, on his elephant. Having disposed of my rhinoceros, I pushed up to the rescue, fearing, indeed, the Sirdar had been killed. On approaching within twenty yards, the rhinoceros relinquished the fallen elephant, and turned to have a charge at me. I brought him on his knees the first shot, but he recovered, and fought me valiantly; and, in consequence of my elephant being a little unsteady, it was not until the fifth shot that he fell to rise no more. The poor mutilated elephant lived about two hours, and died in endeavoring to rise. I should at once have put it out of its misery, had the mahout not assured me, that if he could be got to the tents he should be able to recover it. From this account, it will be seen that the rhinoceros is armed with much more formidable tusks than the boar. These are the weapons he brings into such deadly operation, and not the horn, as many persons are led to believe.

Upon the day following this last event, whether out of revenge, or from an anxious desire to stand well with their sovereign, the two chiefs courageously proposed that we should go at once to destroy the Shikar Bassa, or famous wild elephant.

They both promised faithfully to support me, vowing to stand by, even to their toe nails, (a favorite Indian expression,) alleging that their honor was at stake, and without some such finale, they dare not show their faces at court again. I much doubted all these protestations, but thinking they might possibly be seriously anxious to retrieve the disgrace which fell upon them in the rhinoceros affair, I felt disposed to place confidence in them, and agreed to their proposal. They then informed me, they had been favored with a private and confidential communication from their deity, "Goruck," who had signified his gracious intention of supporting us, and would even condescend to protect an unbelieving Feringee upon such an occasion. I thanked them for Goruck's very kind intentions, but inwardly trusted with much greater confidence to a good ounce of lead well planted.

The morning dawned splendidly; we were all in excellent spirits, and the two chiefs, in appearance at least, were as brave as lions. While we were examining our guns and carefully arranging our ammunition, the savage Shikar Bassa elephant was marked down, having been discovered in his usual retreat. In order if possible to render Mr. Deity Goruck more wrathful, he had only the day before destroyed a Brahmin for firing a matchlock ball into his elephant's side; the Brahmin having been provoked to do so, by the elephant destroying and eating up two fields of rice for his own private amusement. I saw the poor priest's mangled remains close to his hut; not a vestige of humanity remained; so frightfully had the brute trampled on and kneaded his body that not a bone escaped uncrushed; legs, arms, and carcass, could only be compared to some disgusting, indescribable mass, well pounded and furnished with a skin covering. This exhibition excited my anger, and I vowed the destruction of the destroyer.

Of the birth and parentage of this famous outlawed wild elephant, for so many years the dread and terror of all the Nepaul elephant catchers, I know little; but if a tenth part of the accusations bestowed by the Nepalese upon his ancestors be true, he must have been a very low caste fellow—a compound of flatulent fowls and home-fed pigs. However, it is certain he was a most powerful, well-grown beast, beautifully formed, head well set on and erect; and would have been altogether an invaluable animal, could he have been persuaded to present himself at court, and conduct himself properly. But he disdained such honors; he chose to remain lord paramount of the forest, and defied all comers to dispute it with him. He was supposed by the best judges to have been fifty years old, though triple that age in iniquity, and having set two generations of Nepalese at defiance, indulged himself in the recreation of destroying any one who was fool enough to venture within his beat. Upon our arrival at a small deserted village within three miles of the monster's head-quarters, our camp having been pitched, I was visited by the two Sirdars, accompanied by several villagers, who furnished me with most terrific ac-

counts of his ferocity; and finding I was not easily alarmed, they evidently became so on my account, and endeavored by every possible argument to dissuade me from the encounter. I observed that their arguments were useless; after coming so far to see the monster, I should not think of returning until I had made his acquaintance. I then appealed to them as chiefs and sportsmen, inhabitants of a nation notorious for its bravery, whether it would not be considered most disgraceful cowardice to retire now, without even firing a shot? This appeal had the desired effect, and they then agreed, saying, "We can but die once, and if our respective time for doing so has arrived, we had better submit to it with honor." I gave them to understand that I did not at all approve of the dying part of their address, as I had no great personal aversion to life; but on the contrary, I felt confident, that well armed as we were, and supporting one another, we might, and ought to, conquer the monster. They then tried a pathetic allusion to their wives and families, to which I rejoined, that I had no such incumbrances, and should matters come to the worst, a few yards of black crape would be no very heavy tax to a brace of anxious brothers in England. Finding further persuasions of no avail, they requested I would write a few lines to the resident, to state that they had said and done all in their power to deter me from my purpose, which I promised. I had in my establishment some old and well-tried Shikarees, (beaters,) men often tried, who had witnessed some startling occurrences during our intercourse with the animal kingdom. One of them, dubbed Jack, was a low caste fellow, but when under the influence of arrack, he was very courageous, and a firm believer in the transmigration of souls. I sent for Jack, who appeared as usual well impregnated, though his nervous system was somewhat influenced by the sudden epidemic of alarm, which had already attacked the natives of a higher caste. Jack could sport a little English, and after being duly informed as to what would be required of him, he said, "By gar, captin, dis dam job; dis elerfent de divil; kill captin sure enuf." Upon my asking him if he was prepared to stand by me, he vowed he would, simply remarking that by that time to-morrow, he should be a grazing bullock, and hoped he should have a good master.

At daylight the next morning I was up, and found some two hundred Taroos had come in during the night. These men live entirely in the jungles, and speak a most unintelligible patois. Their appearance is of the wildest description, with hardly a vestige of clothing upon their bodies, and their long black hair plaited down to their waist; but when in pursuit of their avocations, they roll it round their heads like a turban, and with a black blanket, and their bodies well greased, their toilet is made. These men, accustomed to almost daily encounters with wild elephants, have little fear, but they all expressed the utmost dread of this Shikar Bassa elephant, declaring their conviction of its being neither possible to take nor de-

stroy him. After a long consultation, it was decided that the operations should be commenced by the two famous tame male elephants employed in the taking expeditions. They were the finest animals of the kind I have ever seen, both being ten feet and a half at the shoulder, and in the highest condition. Their respective names were "Arang Bahadoor," and "Motee Persaud," the latter with only one tusk, but in other respects a most powerful elephant, and noted for his courage.

These elephants were so highly prized, that I pledged my word to the chiefs, that if either of them should get worsted in the attack, I would go to their rescue, and attack the wild elephant myself. This quieted their fears, at least so far as the animals were concerned.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 7th of March, 1844, we started from the tents, and at the expiration of an hour, we arrived at the place where this monster was to be found. Never shall I forget the scene! Upon our coming within a few yards of his position, *Motee Persaud* was leading, when out rushed the wild elephant with a terrific whistle, and immediately commenced a furious attack upon *Motee*. The meeting of these two mountains of flesh was really grand. *Motee* stood the shock well, but in ten minutes, it was quite evident the wild one was master; they crossed their tusks, and pushed at each other like infuriated rams. Upon *Motee* giving way a general shout was raised by some three hundred voices. I immediately got off my elephant, followed by my five gun carriers, and fired a three-ounce ball into the wild one's flank; he gave a hideous roar, eased his purchase on *Motee Persaud*, and retired to his quarters. A general scamper now took place. Away went the chiefs and Taroos (the former had never dismounted) with *Motee Persaud* at their heels, and after going about two miles at a rattling pace, *Motee* was secured with some difficulty and fastened to a tree. I now determined upon attacking the brute on foot, Jack and my other attendants standing by me, though much disappointed that I had not joined in the general flight. The enemy soon showed symptoms of the humor he was in by tearing down branches of the trees, and dashing them in all directions; many of them were thicker than my body. Shortly afterwards about twenty tame buffaloes, which were grazing in the neighborhood, and probably disturbed by the Taroos' elephants, came galloping across the plain near the monster's position. I saw him issuing from the forest, and in an instant he trampled one of the buffaloes to death, crushing every bone in his body; he then lifted another off the ground with the greatest ease, driving his tusks through and through him, and throwing the carcass to some distance, quite dead. He once more retreated to his cover, and in a few minutes I advanced to the attack. When within a hundred yards of him, out he came with that peculiarly shrill whistle, which must be heard from a wild elephant to be appreciated. He made his appear-

ance with an enormous branch of a tree in his trunk, holding it well up over his head. His rush was splendid, and stopping at about sixty yards from me, he hesitated what to do; whisking the branch about, and kicking up the ground with his fore and hind feet with astonishing force, I certainly did not like his appearance, but it was now too late, so hostilities commenced. I first gave him the benefit of my old, well-tried double rifle, and discharged the right barrel as true as the branch he was holding to the centre of his forehead would allow me to direct it. The ball stung him sharply; he dropped the branch as if it had been a red hot poker; shook his enormous head, and roared violently. I now had a clear look at him; the hole made in his forehead by the ball annoyed him exceedingly; he turned up his trunk to examine the wound, sucked out the blood, and throwing it over his head and shoulders, appeared to experience considerable astonishment. I was not at all disposed to allow him much time for reflection, for fear he might prove too troublesome, and as he was standing still, I favored him with the left barrel, this time well planted just into the bump of his trunk, where it rises out of the head. As there was nothing to intercept my sight, this shot brought him upon his knees, in which position he remained just long enough to enable me to reload. On getting up he turned wildly about, looking for me, and upon discovering my position, came down towards me at an awful pace. Anticipating this movement, I had my three-ounce rifle prepared for his reception, and allowed him to come within twenty yards, when I sent the ball again into his forehead, which stopped him short; he began to stagger and roll about as if drunk, turned round three or four times, again felt over his bleeding forehead, sucking out pints of blood with his trunk, and showering it over his head and body, which, originally black, had now been changed to a deep scarlet.

The fight up to this time had been carried on in the dry bed of the Raptée river, without a bush between us, but with a dense jungle on either side, so finding him a much thicker-headed and more disagreeable antagonist than I had inwardly bargained for, I considered it prudent to retreat into the jungle on my right, taking up my position behind a large tree. Not many minutes had elapsed ere he missed me, and rushing down to the spot where he had last seen me, he began to hunt me out. Elephants possess a very keen sense of smell through the proboscis, but the blood was now streaming through the interior of that organ, which sadly perplexed his endeavors to sniff me out. By hard blowing he partially cleared the trunk, and discovering a clue to his opponent, came straight to the tree behind which I was concealed. I had no time to lose, I therefore treated him to a salute from the right and left barrels in rapid succession; the last shot, from his shaking his head at the first, glanced off the bone and scooped out his right eye, the pain of which drove him nearly mad. He spun himself round in intense agony; his roars

were appalling, and he ploughed up the ground with his feet to an extent that, if described, would appear an exaggeration to those who have not seen an elephant, particularly an enraged one, in the act of performing that operation. His small eye hung from its socket; I therefore determined to manœuvre on his blind side, and ply him well with lead. I had fought him for an hour and a half. Now a scorching sun and a fast, under such circumstances, are rather trying; indeed, I had almost had enough of it, and began devoutly to wish that the beast would either take to his heels, or allow me to take to mine. The beast, unfortunately, was in no such humor. It is a notorious fact, that when two wild elephants meet in a *musth* state, they never separate till one of them is destroyed. Their fight sometimes lasts a week, when the one which physically possesses the greatest capacity for fasting will destroy the other. Large male carcasses are thus frequently discovered by the elephant-catchers, and their tusks are turned to a profitable account.

I was now greatly exhausted and blown, retreating after every shot to a fresh tree, the elephant invariably following me up. In a hurry I took up a position behind a tree which I should not have selected had I not been so fatigued. My opponent being from his wounds slow in pursuit enabled me to recover my wind, and while doing so it struck me I had occupied a bad position, the tree not being much thicker than my body. I immediately retreated to another tree a few yards off, affording much better cover, and fortunate it was I did so, for I had barely taken up my new ground when the elephant again commenced hunting me up, and when within four yards of the tree I had just quitted, he stopped, and putting his trunk out, after clearing it and scenting for some minutes, made a terrific rush. But this was fortunately nearly his last. On coming up to the tree he made sure I was behind it, and encircling it with his trunk he endeavored to break it down. Failing in this, he half leaned, but in a very exhausted state, against the tree, and after two more efforts tore it up by the roots and cast it down. Evidently making sure that I was under it, he now knelt down and commenced driving his tusks into both sides of the tree, flattering himself that he was probing my carcass. I was only a few yards from him during this operation. Having considerably revived, I determined upon acknowledging his good intentions. Stepping from behind the tree I had occupied whilst he was employed in his humane undertaking, I fired four shots successively into his forehead, which, however, stunned him. On reviving, he stuck his tusks heavily into the ground, and remained motionless for some minutes. I began to hope he was dead, and retreated to another position to reload. My mouth was in a fearful state from thirst, my lips and tongue so cracked and parched, that they were bleeding profusely. The monster, to my disgust, again got up, but now very weak, and rolling about as if he had been indulging, *ad lib-*

itum, in gin and leaden bitters. He staggered back with some difficulty, reached a tree, which he leant against. Jack now, for the first time during the encounter, spoke, or rather shouted, "*By gar, captin, him going.*" I began to think so, and stepped out to within three yards of him. He made two very drunken attempts to come at me, and I plied him well with lead, so that he again reeled up against the tree. I retreated to reload, and had barely done so, when, to my great annoyance, I saw him moving again towards me, but now very feeble. He could hardly walk. I fired another shot at him, when he stopped, staggered, quietly drew his hind legs under him, then his fore, dropped his head heavily, and drove his tusks up to the roots in the ground, and then remained motionless. After waiting a quarter of an hour at least, during which time he never moved, we all agreed he was dead, and I proposed that Jack should go and ascertain the fact. To this Jack strongly objected. I then moved up and fired at the monster. The shot did not disturb him.

We now moved out, as I was convinced he was gone, and going some distance round we came up in his rear. I again proposed that Jack should go and pull his tail to ascertain if he was dead or merely feigning; Jack demurred, however, at this. I promised, however, to stand by him and protect him. He then declared that he, Jack, had been dead himself, at least six times during the encounter; and that if I wanted to kill him outright, I had better shoot him at once. After some trouble, I persuaded him to follow me, and on going within five yards of the elephant's rear, I took a clot of earth and threw it at him. I then again proposed that, to make all safe, Jack should pull his tail. Jack continued his opposition, but as I knew there was no danger, and only wished to get a gallop out of him after the excited state he had been in for some hours, I urged his obedience. Jack now became desperate, going sideways towards the elephant's tail, and when within pulling distance, turning his head away, laying hold of it—giving it a pull, and then bolting as if he had a Congreve in his trowsers. After this feat, Jack never stopped until he had placed two hundred yards between himself and the dead elephant, when he gallantly faced about, and finding he was not pursued, came back as fast as he could, entering immediately on his return into the pedigree of the deceased elephant, and favoring its mother and sisters with numerous epithets unfit for ears polite.

Thus died the savage Shikar Bassa elephant, for ten years the terror of that part of the Nepaul Forest, and for six months his carcass, despite the zeal and energy of vultures and jackals, afforded the villagers olfactory testimony that his remains were exceedingly disagreeable.

For killing this elephant I was presented in open Durbar, by the rajah and heir apparent, with a handsome Khillut, or dress of honor, which was

of great value, but which, of course, I was obliged, after wearing a few hours, to make over to the British Treasury in Nepaul, where all presents, according to the invariable custom at every British residency, are annually sold, and the proceeds placed to the credit of the Treasury.

FEEDING THE TIGER.—A magnificent dinner has been given to Haynau, the woman-whipper, at Vienna. The correspondent of the Times speaks of "that man of iron," as being seated next to the Servian patriarch, a man of silver—"silvery beard and hair." In such case a most unseemly juxtaposition of the metals. This Haynau, we read, was vehemently applauded by the small white hands of the fine ladies of Vienna. Innocent things! Did they reflect upon their sister-woman, scourged by the orders of the barbarian who, it is to be feared, was really born of woman—and fed at woman's breast? At Kuseburg, according to a letter from an Englishman, dated at Widdin, Sept. 11—this much-applauded Haynau, balked of his prey, in the escape of Bem and others, "ordered the lady of the house, who had treated them with courtesy, to be flogged. And she was afterwards dragged barefoot by the robbers as far as Hatseg." But the atrocity was not at its full. "Her husband, maddened by this outrage, blew out his brains with a pistol!" Wives of Vienna, another round of applause—another flourish of your snow-white kerchiefs, in honor of the man-monster of iron, "whose breast," continues the Times' correspondent, "down to his waist, was covered with stars"—ay, most malignant stars—with blood, and fire, and pestilence, in every baleful ray. We would rather do knee-worship to the spots of a panther than even at a public feeding tolerate the stars of Haynau.—*Punch*.

THE SHIPPING INTEREST.—The time has not yet come for deciding how the last change in the navigation laws is to operate. In Liverpool complaints are uttered, more distressingly than ever. In the north of England, and in Scotland, neither the ship-builder nor the ship-owner appears to be suffering. On the condition of the seamen themselves, likewise, the new order of things seems to effect little change. Good men are readily hired, though not at reduced wages; and bad men we can well spare, whether they betake themselves to the other side of the Atlantic, or seek employment in the seaports of continental Europe. It must not, however, be assumed from all this, that the abandonment of a policy which for two hundred years kept England at the head of the maritime nations was a wise act. Europe is still prostrate from the effects of the madness which fell upon her in 1848. America has not had time sufficiently to improve the advantages which we offer to her; but she is getting rapidly a-head. She bids fair ere long to monopolize the steam communication between the eastern and western hemispheres, and her mercantile marine cannot fail to enlarge itself in proportion. On the whole, therefore, we are constrained still to look back upon the great measure of the bygone session with astonishment. It seems to have been one of the most gratuitous sacrifices to abstract principle of which history makes mention; and we shall be glad to find that the future does not bring with it grounds for a sadder feeling.—*Fraser*.

19th.—Speaking, to-day, of Mr. Waller, whom I had once seen at uncle John's, Mr. Agnew sayd he had obtayned the reputation of being one of our smoothest versers, and thereupon brought forth one or two of his small pieces in manuscript, which he read to Rose and me. They were addrest to the lady Dorothy Sidney; and certainlie for specious flatterie I doe not suppose they can be matcht; but there is noe impress of reali feeling in them. How diverse from my husband's versing! He never writ anie mere love-verses, indeede, soe far as I know; but how much truer a sence he hath of what is really beautifulle and becoming in a woman than Mr. Waller! The lady Alice Egerton mighte have beene more justlie proud of y^e fine things written for her in Comus, than y^e Lady Dorothea of anie of y^e fine things written of her by this courtier-like poet. For, to say that trees bend down in homage to a woman when she walks under them, and that y^e healing waters of Tonbridge were placed there by nature to compensate for the fatal pride of Sacharissa, is soe fullesome and untrue as noe woman, not devoured by conceite, coulde endure; whereas, the check that villanie is sensible of in the presence of virtue, is most nobly, not extravagantlie, exprest by Comus. And though my husband be almost too lavish, even in his short pieces, of classic allusion and personation, yet, like antique statues and busts well placed in some statelie pleasaunce, they are alwaies appropriate and gracefulle, which is more than can be sayd of Mr. Waller's overstrayned figures and metaphors.

20th.—News from home: alle well. Audrey Paice on a visitt there. I hope mother hath not put her into my chamber, but I know that she hath sett so manie trays full of spearmint, peppermint, camomiles, and poppie-heads in y^e blue chamber to dry, that she will not care to move them, nor have y^e window opened lest they should be blown aboute. I wish I had turned y^e key on my ebony cabinet.

24th.—Richard and Audrey rode over here, and spent a noisie afternoone. Rose had the goose dressed which I know she meant to have reserved for to-morrow. Clover was in a heat, which one would have thought he needed not to have beene, with carrying a lady; but Audrey is heavie. She treats Dick like a boy; and, indeede he is not much more; but he is quite taken up with her. I find she lies in y^e blue chamber, which she says smells rarelie of herbs. They returned not till late, after sundrie hints from Mr. Agnew.

27th.—Alas, alas, Robin's silence is too sorrowfullie explained! He hath beene sent home soe ill that he is like to die. This report I have from Diggory, just come over to fetch me, with whom I start, soe soone as his horse is bated. Lord, have mercie on Robin.

The children are alle sent away to keep y^e house quiete.

Saturday night; at Robin's bedside.—Oh, woe-fulle sight! I had not known that pale face, had I met it unawares. So thin and wan—and he hath shot up into a tall stripling during the last few months. These two nights of watching have tried me sorelie, but I would not be withholden from sitting up with him yet agayn—what and if this night should be his last! how coulde I forgive myself for sleeping on now and taking my rest! The first night, he knew me not; yet it was bitter-sweet to hear him chiding at sweet Moll for not coming. Yesternight he knew me for a while, kissed me, and fell into an heavie sleepe, with his hand locked in mine. We hoped the crisis was come; but 't was not soe. He raved much of a man alle in red, riding hard after him. I minded me of those words, "the enemy sayd, I will overtake, I will pursue,"—and, noe one being by, save the unconscious sufferer, I kneeled down beside him, and most earnestlie prayed for his deliverance from all spirituall adversaries. When I lookt up, his eyes, larger and darker than ever, were fixt on me with a strange, wistfulle stare, but he spake not. From that moment he was quiete.

The doctor thought him rambling this morning, though I knew he was not, when he spake of an angel in a long white garment watching over him and kneeling by him in the night.

Sunday evening.—Poor Nell sitteth up with mother to-night—right thankfulle is she to find that she can be of anie use: she says it seems soe strange that she should be able to make any return for my kindnesse. I must sleep to-night, that I may watch to-morrow. The servants are nigh spent, and are besides foolishlie afrajd of infection. I hope Rose prays for me. Soe drowsie and dulle am I, as scarce to be able to pray for myself.

Monday.—Rose and Mr. Agnew came to abide with us for some days. How thankfulle am I! Tears have relieved me.

Robin worse to-day. Father quite subdued. Mr. Agnew will sit up to-night, and insists on my sleeping.

Crab howled under my window yesternight as he did before my wedding. I hope there is nothing in it. Harry got up and beat him, and at last put him in y^e stable.

Tuesday.—After two nights' rest, I feel quite strengthened and restored this morning. Deare Rose read me to sleep in her low, gentle voice, and then lay down by my side, twice stepping into Robin's chamber during the night, and bringing me news that all was well. Relieved in mind, I slept heavilie nor woke till late. Then, returned to y^e sick chamber, and found Rose bathing dear Robin's temples with vinegar, and changing his pillow—his thin hand rested on Mr. Agnew, on whom he lookt with a composed, collected gaze. Slowlie turned his eyes on me, and faintlie smiled, but spake not.

Poor dear mother is ailing now. I sate with her and father some time; but it was a true relief when Rose took my place and let me return to y^e sick room. Rose hath already made several little changes for the better; improved y^e ventilation of Robin's chamber, and prevented his hearing soe manie noises. Alsoe, showed me how to make a pleasant cooling drink, which he likes better than the warm liquids, and which she assures me he may take with perfect safetie.

Same evening.—Robin vext, even to tears, because y^e doctor forbids y^e use of his cooling drink, though it hath certainlie abated the fever. At his wish I stept down to intercede with the doctor, then closetted with my father, to discourse, as I suppose, of Robin's symptoms. Insteade of which, found them earnestlie engaged on y^e never-ending topik of cavaliers and roundheads. I was chafed and cut to y^e heart, yet what can poor father do; he is useless in y^e sick-room, he is wearie of suspense, and 't is well if publick affairs can divert him for an odd half hour.

The doctor would not hear of Robin taking y^e cooling beverage, and warned me that his death woulde be upon my head if I permitted him to be chilled: soe what could I doe? Poor Robin very impatient in consequence; and raving towards midnight. Rose insisted in taking y^e last half of my watch.

I know not that I was ever more sorelie exercised than during y^e first half of this night. Robin, in his crazie fit, would leave his bed, and was soe strong as nearlie to master Nell and me, and I feared I must have called Richard. The next minute he fell back as weak as a child; we covered him up warm, and he was overtaken either with stupor or sleep. Earnestlie did I pray it might be y^e latter, and conduce to his healing. Afterwards, there being writing implements at hand, I wrote a letter to Mr. Milton, which, though the fancy of sending it soon died away, yet eased my mind. When not in prayer, I often find myself silently talking to him.

Wednesday.—Waking late after my scant night's rest, I found my breakfaste neatlie layd out in y^e little antechamber, to prevent the fatigue of going down stairs. A handfule of autumn flowers beside my plate, left me in noe doubt it was Rose's doing; and Mr. Agnew, writing at y^e window, told me he had persuaded my father to goe to Shotover with Dick. Then laying aside his pen, stept into the sick-chamber for y^e latest news, which was good: and, sitting next me, talked of y^e progress of Robin's illness in a grave yet hopefule manner; leading, as he chieflie does, to high and unearthlie sources of consolation. He advised me to take a turn in y^e fresh ayr, though but as far as the two junipers, before I entered Robin's chamber, which, somewhat reluctantly, I did; but the bright daylight and warm sun had no good effect on my spiritts: on the contrarie, nothing in blythe nature seeming in

unison with my sadnesse, tears flowed without relieving me.

—What a solemne, pompous prigge is this doctor! He cries "humph!" and "aye!" and bites his nails and screws his lips together, but I don't believe he understands soe much of physick, after alle, as Mr. Agnew.

Father came home full of y^e rebels' doings, but as for me, I shoulde hear them thundering at our gate with apathie, except insofar as I feared them distressing Robin.

Audrey rode over with her father, this morn, to make enquiries. She might have come sooner had she meant to be anie reall use to a family she has thought of entering. Had Rose come to our help as late in the day, we had been poorlie off.

Thursday.—May Heaven in its mercy save us from y^e evil consequence of this new mischance!—Richard, jealous at being allowed so little share in nursing Robin, whom he sayd he loved as well as anie did, would sit up with him last night, along with mother. Twice I heard him snoring, and stept in to prevail on him to change places, but coulde not get him to stir. A third time he fell asleep, and, it seems, mother slept too; and Robin, in his fever, got out of bed, and drank near a quart of colde water, waking Dick by setting down y^e pitcher. Of course the bustle soon reached my listening ears. Dick, to doe him justice, was frightened enough, and stole away to his bed without a word of defence; but poor mother, who had been equallie off her watch, made more noise about it than was good for Robin; who, neverthelesse, we having warmie covered up, burst into a profuse heat, and fell into a sound sleep, which hath now holden him manie hours. Mr. Agnew augureth favourablie of his waking, but we await it in prayerfule anxietie.

—The crisis is past! and y^e doctor sayeth he alle along expected it last night, which I cannot believe, but father and mother doe. At alle events, praised be Heaven, there is now hope that deare Robin may recover. Rose and I have mingled tears, smiles, and thanksgivings; Mr. Agnew hath expressed gratitude after a more collected manner, and endeavored to check y^e somewhat ill-governed expression of joy throughout the house; warning y^e servants, but especiallie Dick and Harry, that Robin may yet have a relapse.

With what transport have I sat beside dear Robin's bed, returning his fixed, earnest, thankful gaze, and answering y^e feeble pressure of his hand!—Going into the studdy just now, I found father crying like a child—the first time I have known him give way to tears during Robin's illness. Mr. Agnew presentlie came in, and composed him better than I coulde.

Saturday.—Robin better, though still very weak. Had his bed made, and took a few spoonfuls of broth.

Sunday.—A very different sabbath from y^e last. Though Robin's constitution hath received a shock it may never recover, his comparative amendment fills us with thankfulness; and our chastened suspense hath a sweet solemnity and trustfulness in it, which pass understanding.

Mr. Agnew conducted our devotions. This morning, I found him praying with Robin—I

question if it were for y^e first time. Robin looked on him with eyes of such sedate affection!

Thursday.—Robin still progressing. Dear Rose and Mr. Agnew leave us to-morrow, but they will soon come agayn. Oh faithful friends!

From the United Service Magazine.

EAST OF EUROPE.

THE intelligence received during the past month from the east of Europe, has been of a character to increase, even more speedily and eminently than could have been anticipated, the dubious aspect of European affairs. The startling and imperative demands of the Emperor of Russia, for the extradition of the Hungarian and Polish political refugees, on the Turkish territory, contain in them the evidence of intentions so obviously hostile to the independence, and so insulting to the dignity of the Ottoman empire, that we are by no means surprised they should have awakened the liveliest indignation in the breast of the Turkish sovereign, and have met with his refusal of compliance. That they should have given rise to similar sentiments of reprobation in this country and in France, is also equally reasonable, not only on the score of the flagrant injustice of such demands, but as seriously militating against the interests of those two countries—interests intimately interwoven with the maintenance of the political existence and integrity of the sultan's power and dominions. The moment seized upon by the czar for such a step was doubtless conceived to be a most favorable one; too much so indeed to be lost—and one which, awaited through so many long years with watchful hope, might not present itself again so readily. Austria had been rescued only from dissolution by the Russian arms, she could no more now interpose with a good grace her ancient jealousies in that quarter; the events of Hungary had revealed her weakness; she was no longer virtually to be feared, while her stronger interests must prompt her even to join in such a demand. Prussia was in no much better case; scarcely recovered from her late conflict with herself, she was powerless to interfere, Germany was prostrate, a negation to itself, and could oppose no obstacle. France, involved in a difficult position in Italy, was paralyzed by those who placed her in it. England, would or could she venture alone to remonstrate or interpose? In such a state of things, it was worth while trying to fix the wished for quarrel on the Turk. Should it fail, the cozenage of diplomacy could again soften down all seeming asperities.

The firmness and ability of a Canning, however, may once more prove too much even for Muscovite astuteness, and our yet fortunately enduring friendly relations with France will no doubt induce a clear sense of the necessity of a firm coöperation at least, in the protection and

support of the sultan. This would indeed appear beyond a doubt, for the president of the republic with the majority of his council, in spite of the efforts of M. Molé and M. Thiers, have ranged themselves on the eastern question, on the side of justice and civilization, against the pretensions of the Russian emperor.

Although we give the czar credit for more shrewdness than to persist in his skilfully devised demands, and act up to the threats implied with them on this occasion, yet we consider them as the foreshadowing of an event which *must* come off, if not now, on a future day, and it is devoutly to be hoped we may always have a representative of the same material at the city of the sultan, and a minister at home as capable of appreciating his worth and of supporting his actions, as becomes the interest and dignity of the British empire.

The latest accounts from Vienna have stricken the heart of European civilization with shame and horror; the world speak its unmitigated censure of the government that could thus cement the structure of its restored order with such hecatombs of blood, and history will point to their names as the greatest blot upon her pages in the nineteenth century.

THE FLORIN.—The new two-shilling piece, known as "The Florin," is not about to be called in because of the omission of the words "Dei Gratia." The words in question were omitted by the consent of her majesty and the prince consort, by both of whom the original design, as drawn by Mr. Wyon, of the royal mint, was warmly approved. In consequence of the dissatisfaction expressed by a large portion of the public at the omission, the chancellor of the exchequer ordered a search for precedents of such omission. The result has been that some most interesting details on the subject of the coinage of these realms has been brought forth. It would appear that no example was discovered of the omission of the words before-mentioned from any silver coins, but many examples of the omission were found as regarded the copper coinage. The words "Fidei Defensor" have also been omitted. It further appears that "Dei Gratia" was not used on any of the English copper money from the Restoration till 1797; and also that "Fidei Defensor" was not used for the whole of that period. Charles II., William III. and Mary, George I. and George II. omitted the words from copper coins. The rupee and other coins in India merely bear the words "Victoria Queen." It may now be added that the eminent personage at whose suggestion the omission was made in the florin, thought that the words "Victoria Regina" alone would give the coin a more emphatic character.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE WHITE SERPENTS AND THE IRON CHEST.

We then resumed our journey ; and, having lunched and dined on the way, arrived in the evening at a lovely village, the name of which I entirely forgot. It was situated, however, high up in the mountains ; so that, as night came on, we felt the cold, biting air, just as one feels it in the Alps, and were right glad, on entering the inn parlor, to find a blazing fire on the hearth. Here we supped ; and the captain and I sat talking by the chimney corner long after the rest of the company had retired to bed. He was a remarkably pleasant companion, full of stories and anecdotes, by his manner of relating which he amused me greatly. Most of them turned on incidents which had occurred during his residence in the Swiss chateau. But I can scarcely venture to tell them again, so much of the interest depended on his manner, on the tone of his voice, and on the earnest, half-confidential air he assumed during the narration. We had each just lighted a fresh cigar, and stirred the fire up into a rich, warm blaze, when, drawing his chair closer to mine,

"I will tell you a story," said he, "about my chateau, and the singular mistress of it. She was an old lady, proud of her birth, who remembered, with wonderful accuracy, the achievements of her ancestors, and could trace back her lineage beyond the earliest of the Crusades. Observing me to be rather addicted to astronomy, she took it into her head that I must also be an astrologer and a conjurer, and was fully persuaded that I was an adept in all the mysteries of the black art. She inhabited one wing of the chateau, the remainder of which she had let to me, at a rent much below its value, merely for the pleasure of having a neighbor with whom she could sometimes converse.

"One winter night, very late, my man Francois came into my study, to inform me that Madame la Comtesse wanted to speak with me. 'Show her in,' said I ; and, with the word, I got up to receive her.

"She entered with a most stately air. I presented her a chair by the fire, and began, as an Englishman always does, to talk about the weather, and other agreeable things of that sort. This was evidently not the topic upon which the countess wished to converse. She therefore stopped me short, and said,

"Excuse me, monsieur ; but I come to consult you on a subject of the utmost importance, which, with your permission, I will at once explain."

"I said I should be happy to hear whatever she had to communicate. She then proceeded :

"One of my ancestors was a distinguished knight who, having fought in the Holy Land, and amassed great treasure by plundering the infidels, proceeded afterwards to Constantinople, and there, in a certain church, now become a mosque, buried beneath a particular stone an immense treasure in gold and jewels. I have here in my hand a man-

uscript, in which all the particulars of the transaction are related ; but, unfortunately, it is imperfect, the name of the church and the mosque being no longer to be found in it."

"She then handed the manuscript to me, written in Arabic, and accompanied by a French translation. It was evidently very old, and probably dated as far back as the period of the Crusades. I glanced through it, and then inquired in what way I could be of service to her in this matter. It struck me that she desired I should make a pilgrimage to Constantinople, to recover this wealth for her. I was mistaken ; her wish was very different. She only desired that, through my knowledge of the language of the stars, I should reveal to her the name of the mosque in which the treasure lay buried ; upon which, old as she was, she would herself proceed to Constantinople, and there take the necessary steps for recovering possession of it.

"It was with much difficulty that I preserved my gravity ; but I assured her that my intimacy with the stars was by no means so great as she imagined, and that it would be difficult, or, perhaps, impossible for me to discover the name of the mosque in question. I was resolved, however, to humor her, because convinced she must be mad.

"Well," said she, after a short pause, "we will discuss that matter another time. At present, I have a different favor to ask. In one of the vaults of this castle, I have a chest filled with gold and silver ; and when I am absent, two small white serpents usually take their station on the lid, to protect the treasure. Lately, however, these faithful guardians of my property have disappeared ; and I am now desirous that, during a visit which I must pay to Paris, you should take charge of the chest."

"Instead of the serpents ?" I inquired, involuntarily.

"Yes," she replied, gravely. "Come, monsieur, follow me."

"So saying, she arose, and, taking up a candle from the table, proceeded towards the door ; upon which I also arose, and followed her, fully persuaded that she required a straight-waistcoat immediately. Proceeding from room to room, traversing long corridors, ascending and descending staircases, moving beneath turrets and archways, we at length reached the vault, the door of which she opened with a large key, previously concealed beneath her apron. When we entered, she turned round and locked the door carefully behind us ; then taking from her girdle three other keys, she inserted them in the chest, and turning them one after another, the lid flew open ; and, sure enough, it was full of silver and gold.

"This," said she, "is what I wish you to take charge of for me."

"But, dear madame," said I, "it is dangerous to entrust all this property with a stranger. Have you no relative with whom you could more safely deposit the money ?"

"I have a nephew," she replied, with a smile ;

'but it is to see him that I am going to Paris—and for the rest, I can put entire confidence in you, if you will permit me.'

"Well, madame," I replied, 'if it affords you any pleasure, I shall be most happy to become the successor of the serpents. Tell me, however, before I do so, what amount of money the chest contains?'

"Just fifteen thousand pounds sterling; neither more nor less."

"I felt uneasy. It was impossible I should count the money; and, as there was clearly a flaw in her understanding, I could not be sure she would not, on her return, imagine she had left sixteen thousand, and call me to account for the difference. However, it was impossible, without rudeness, to escape from the difficulty; so I determined, at all hazards, to become the guardian of her treasure—and, having expressed myself to that effect, we quitted the vault."

"In two or three days the countess quitted the chateau. Whether or not she ever went to Paris is more than I can say. Weeks and months passed over, and I received no letter from her. I began to feel uneasy. She had disappeared in a mysterious manner; and should she in any way have come by her death, I might, for aught I know, have lain under the suspicion of having hastened her departure across the Styx."

"Spring came, and summer followed; and still no news of the countess. As I was sitting one fine evening in the park, on a camp-stool, at the foot of a huge linden tree, smoking a cigar, and puffing its fragrant clouds over the head of a huge St. Bernard dog that lay at my feet, I was made sensible of the approach of a stranger by Carlo's giving a sudden growl."

"Be quiet, old fellow," said I; and then looking up, I saw a dark, sinister-looking man at the distance of about ten paces. He did not wait to be questioned respecting his business."

"I am come," said he, looking respectfully at the dog, 'from Madame la Comtesse, and am desirous of saying a few words to you in private.'

"He was, as I now found, an Italian, and, as I conjecture, must have served many years among the brigands of the Apennines; for a more accomplished cut-throat, in appearance, at least, never crossed my path."

"We may be private enough here," said I, 'so you can explain your business at once.'

"He made no reply, but looked timidly at Carlo."

"I see, friend, you are afraid of the dog," I observed; 'but there is no necessity.'

"I then ordered Carlo to rise and go and lie down under another tree which I pointed out to him; which he immediately did, keeping his eyes, however, all the while fixed upon my visitor."

"The Italian now came close to me, said his name was Mazzio, and that he was come from the countess to remove and convey to Paris a chest with three locks which lay in a certain vault, known, as he said, to me."

"But, friend," said I, 'have you any written order?'

"He replied that he had not."

"Then you shall not touch the chest," said I 'nor any one else, till the countess herself arrives.'

"But should the countess never make her appearance?" said he, with a significant grin."

"Why, in that case, I will deliver it up to her lawful heir."

"That is to me, signor; I am her lawful heir."

"That may be; but I shall require you to prove it, before I deliver up my trust."

"His lip quivered, he turned a little pale, and felt in his bosom, as if for a poniard. I was convinced he had murdered the countess, and was now come to get possession of his booty. But how he could have obtained a knowledge of the chest, it puzzled me to conjecture."

"And where did you leave the countess?" I inquired; perceiving he was not inclined to break silence."

"It does not signify," said he."

"But, friend," I exclaimed, 'it does signify; and unless you explain at once, I shall take you into custody, under suspicion of having murdered her.'

"No, you won't, signor," replied the fellow, drawing a stiletto from under his waistcoat. 'I will silence you with that first.'

"He was a robust, brawny-looking ruffian, with a most unpleasant twinkle about the eyes; while I am not, as you see, a very powerful man. But I had an ally at hand, whose presence he had forgotten. As soon as Carlo noticed the change in the tone of our voices, he crept stealthily towards the spot, and the moment Mr. Mazzio drew forth his dagger, sprang and seized him by the collar, and had him at his full length on the ground in a twinkling. In the sudden surprise he dropped the stiletto, which I picked up, and then desiring Carlo to let go his hold, bade my worthy get up, and walk out of the grounds."

"Or stay," said I; 'I had better get you escorted.'

"I then whistled loudly; and Francois, and two or three sturdy Swiss grooms, came running towards us."

"Seize this fellow," said I. 'He is a robber and an assassin. We must get him hanged, if possible.'

"Signor Mazzio now became alarmed, and entreated me, for the love of Heaven, not to send him to prison."

"The countess," said he, 'is alive, and in good health, and will be here this very night. I am her nephew's valet; and, having accidentally overheard of the existence of the chest in the vault, it struck me I could make a better use of its contents than her ladyship. So now, do let me go! I should die if I were compelled to face her.'

"Not quite so fast, friend," said I; 'it will be time enough to let you go when I am perfectly sure of her safety. I shall, therefore, keep you

shut up in a strong room in the chateau; and as soon as I ascertain by the testimony of my own eyes, you shall have my permission to make yourself scarce if you please.'

"This was done; and, late in the same evening, the countess, to my great relief, did, sure enough, arrive. She was too much fatigued for me to think of touching upon the chest that night. But next morning, on my mentioning the subject, she observed with a smile—

"You are an English gentleman. That is enough. If I had remained absent seven years, I should have felt no apprehension for my property, had it been ten times as great; and, to convince you of the reality of my confidence, I shall not visit, nor unlock the chest until a full year and a day after you have left this chateau, whenever that may be.'

"I returned her the keys, and have not the slightest doubt that she kept her word. Meanwhile, however, I ought to say I had suffered Signor Muzzio to effect his escape, though I was careful to relate to the countess what happened, that she might not afterwards receive him into her service, which she would, otherwise, have been very apt to do."

CHAPTER XX.—BEAUTY AND TRUTH.

Wherever the empire of Christianity extends, there is a peculiar beauty about the Sunday. The bustle of business, the toil of labor, the anxieties of the world, seem to have been withdrawn from the face of the earth, and a calm, sweet, serene atmosphere of peace to have been substituted for them. The very sun in great cities shines more brightly, because its rays are not obstructed by the smoke of furnaces, factories, and so on. Everybody feels that it is a day of rest; and whoever has a spark of religion in him, is deeply conscious that around him, on all sides, the sweet incense of prayer, from millions of lips, is ascending through the air, and purifying and sanctifying it. Oh! how precious is the repose of that day. The poor look forward to it as to a renewal of life, as to a season of special blessing, when they shall have leisure to recruit their strength of mind and body for encountering the toils and difficulties of the ensuing week. Then, too, they will surely hear the voice of glad tidings, "peace on earth, and good-will towards men." There is a solemn hush in the storm of worldly passions over the whole Christian world, amid which the still small voice of devotion is everywhere heard more or less distinctly. Let all those, therefore, who are toil-worn and oppressed, bless the divine institution of the Sabbath, which brings to many, if not to all, glimpses of a better world, and opens by the wayside fountains of hope and gladness to refresh them during their weary pilgrimage towards heaven.

On awaking in the morning I experienced all the delicious effects of sleeping on the summits of mountains. On throwing open the casement, which the chambermaid, unknown to me, had closed in the evening, I felt the in-rushing of the

cool air inexpressibly exhilarating. It was laden, also, with the sound of distant bells, which seemed to say, like the muezzin's voice from the minaret—"Arise, ye faithful, and pray; prayer is better than sleep!" And this, surely, is the conviction of universal humanity. The oldest of the Greek poets represents prayer as so many daughters of heaven, destined to move over the earth in the wake of crime, obliterating its footsteps as they go. All nations, in all ages, feeling their dependence on some unseen power, have dropped upon their knees instinctively, and turned up their faces towards heaven, in the hope of catching a blessing from thence. And never is human nature so grand or beautiful as in this attitude, which lunks, as it were, the two worlds together, brings down heaven to earth, or lifts up earth to heaven, fuses spirit and matter, and makes an imperfect material creature a fit companion for seraphs.

At the door of the breakfast parlor I met Carlotta.

"Do you go to mass to-day?" inquired she.

"I go to church," was my reply.

"And afterwards," exclaimed the captain, who was just then descending the stairs, "I trust we shall all go out into the woods, to enjoy one of the loveliest walks in Christendom."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Carlotta. "I love walking in woods, it is so refreshing to the spirit."

I know not how it was, but after breakfast, instead of accompanying Carlotta to mass, I went out with the Dalmatian and the Milanese for a walk. While the church bells were going busily, we went up one street and down another, talking, laughing, and enjoying the cheerful sunshine. The church-goers in that secluded village were not numerous, though they probably included all the inhabitants, old and young, who proceeded with cheerful and glad faces to offer up the tribute of their devotion to Heaven. At the bottom of a street, about half-a-mile from the church, we met a young lady proceeding thitherward, and leading a little girl, about nine years old, by her hand. When we had approached near enough to see her face distinctly, the words, "*Oh, Dio santo,*" burst from the lips of the Milanese. The Dalmatian and I were silent. We walked on and passed the lady, who moved, like a celestial vision, up the hill. Never since or before have I seen beauty so perfect. No Madonna ever painted by Raphael, no Aphrodite ever sculptured by the Hellenic chisel, could equal it. To enjoy another look we turned round, walked rapidly up the hill, and then came leisurely down again. This we repeated three times; and, as we last went by her, I thought I saw the lady smile, not with pity, or contempt, or scorn, but apparently with surprise. Her costume was in itself, to the last degree, graceful. It consisted of an amber-colored satin dress, open in front, with a rich lace chemisette over the bosom, and a fine full petticoat of white muslin. On her head was the Genoese veil, supported on the forehead by a

comb, and descending in waving folds almost to the feet. Her hair, the most exquisite auburn, fell loosely over her shoulders in large natural ringlets, unconfined below by anything; but, behind the comb, a singular ornament of plaited white satin, broad above but narrowing towards both ends, came down the side of the face, and was tied with white ribbon under the chin. Her eyes were of the richest and brightest blue; her features regular as those of Venus herself, harmonized by an expression of unearthly softness and serenity. Her look was upturned, her gait quiet, and there was an air of reverence about her, scarcely belonging to this every-day world. Not a glance, not a movement betrayed in her the slightest consciousness of her surpassing loveliness. She seemed as innocent as Eve before the fall. I quitted my companions, and followed her at a distance to the church. When I entered, she was already on her knees, with her arms crossed upon her breast, in the attitude of profound devotion. The light of one of the richly painted windows fell across her figure, illuminating it and surrounding it with a sort of glory. Her prayers found no vent in words. Silent as a statue, she looked up towards heaven, absorbed in ecstatic devotion, and forgetful evidently of all below. I paid no attention to the words of the mass—my eyes were fixed on her; and this I trust was pardonable, as I could never again hope to see anything so beautiful among God's creatures. Some such vision must have dawned upon Raphael's mind, and formed the prototype of those virgins whose celestial loveliness still adorns the walls of churches and palaces, and imparts a charm, as it were, to the whole face of Europe. I would give much to know that woman's fate. Is she happy? Did she, or could she, find any one worthy of her; or did religion detach her from earth, and convert her into one of the brides of heaven? However this may have been, I felt that it was good for me to be there; and ever since, sleeping or waking, the image of that face beams upon my fancy, at times refreshing and invigorating it. The preacher that day was a Franciscan friar, clad in a loose brown hair-cloth shirt, with a rope about his waist. He was barefoot and bareheaded, and had a countenance of singular elevation and nobleness. His text was extraordinary: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." I felt in a moment that he was no ordinary man. He should have preached before statesmen—he should have addressed himself to the great ones of this world, to rouse them from their lethargy, and make them feel how awful a thing it is to sport with the destinies of the human race, and defraud their brethren of their birthright. I may, without the least risk of misemploying it, apply the epithet holy to that friar. He stood removed far above all the temptations and weaknesses of this earth. "I have no ambition," said he. "I ask in this world nothing, even of God himself, but my daily bread, and his merciful forgiveness. Did I say, nothing? Yes, I daily and hourly pray for one thing more, namely,

to behold this beloved land of Italy flooded with the light of knowledge—of that knowledge of the truth which maketh free, which lifteth man above chains and oppression, which rendereth him humble indeed, and, at an infinite distance, something like unto the God who made him. Oh! my brethren, pray for freedom—for the deliverance of Italy. Pray that he who teacheth the day-spring from on high to know its place, may roll away the darkness from the face of this country, and once more pronounce the revivifying words, 'Let there be light.' Religion, my brethren, is nothing without knowledge but a vile superstition, than which nothing is more displeasing to God. Our happiness here and hereafter consists entirely in the knowledge of Him who is the well-spring of all other knowledge. Toil, therefore, without ceasing, that you may become worthy to possess the light which lighteth man to liberty."

Much more to this effect did he say, in that sonorous, musical language of which even despotism cannot deprive the Italians. I could have embraced the friar with all my heart. I felt the yearnings of a brother towards him. He remembered, then, that Rome of old was a republic, and that all Italy shared the freedom of the Eternal City; and was content with bread and a hair-cloth shirt so that he might enjoy the privilege of diffusing sacred light around him like a star. Age and the love of truth had crowned him with majesty; and, doubtless, he has long ere this been gathered to his fathers, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER XXI.—SUNDAY IN THE WOODS—THE BRIGAND'S TRAGEDY.

I found the captain seated at the inn door, beneath a trellised roof of vines, smoking a huge cigar, with a bottle of rich wine before him.

"Here you are, my boy!" said he. "Come, let me fill you a bumper just to put you in a good humor for our long walk. Where are your lady friends? Gone to mass! It must be a charming thing that same mass, for my ladies, though Protestants, are off to enjoy it. But *ecco!* here they come. Well, ladies, are you peckish after mass, or shall we start at once?"

Everybody voted that we should lunch first, and then take our dinner out into the woods, where the captain, proud of his local knowledge, said he would show us a mountain tarn on the margin of which we could dine delightfully. I am sadly afraid the reader will take me for an Epicurean, from my constant reference to breakfasts, dinners, &c.; but he must excuse me. The meal forms part of the recollection of the place where it was eaten, and I cannot easily recall the one without the other. The Dalmatian and Milanese were found enjoying a nap in the garden; but the Hanoverian had disappeared, possibly preferring a lonely walk to our society. The Swiss were getting tipsy in a bower close at hand, from which clouds of smoke issued between the vine leaves,

mingled with a roar of bacchanalian songs, intermixed, occasionally, with ornamental oaths.

We started on foot, our dinner following us on an ass, driven by the son of the master of the inn. The captain's family consisted of a daughter aged sixteen and her governess, who were severally escorted by the Dalmatian and the Milanese. Madame B—— graced the captain's side; and, as usual, I walked with Carlotta, whose costume on this occasion was so curious, that I shall endeavor to describe it. Over a robe of purple velvet she wore a short pelisse of light blue silk, bordered with white fur. Her dress was fastened in front with agraffes of pearl, almost close up to the throat; these terminated with the glittering of a diamond necklace, which issued on both sides from beneath masses of luxuriant hair. At the wrists, long, full sleeves of lace shaded the fair, gloveless hand, which, in the sun, was covered with the furred lappet of the pelisse. Her delicate white bonnet, sufficiently large to shelter her face from the sun, was ornamented in the inside with a wreath of oak leaves and silver acorns, which produced the most extraordinary effect, especially when lighted up by her bright blue eyes. Carlotta's lips were the reddest in the world, and her teeth as white as ivory. When she spoke, therefore, and smiled, it was impossible to resist looking at her. Her chin was dimpled, and though there was habitually little color in her face, it became flushed with walking, and then looked radiant with joy and health.

Our walk through the trees was delicious. There was sufficient light and air to nourish, at the foot of the trees, a delicate turf, half grass, half moss, on which the foot fell almost noiselessly. It was like a Persian carpet. The trunks of the trees, of all forms and dimensions, supporting an impenetrable canopy of leaves, were thinned towards the edge of the glades, and allowed chequered patterns of sunshine to descend upon the green sward. The most solemn stillness prevailed around, till it was broken by our merry laugh, and the dialogues held by Giovanni with his ass, whom he alternately scolded and encouraged, to keep his courage up. In one place we had to cross a dark stream by means of stepping-stones. A little to our left, a patch of sunshine fell upon the water, which danced and glittered as it flowed along, like a liquid mirror rippled by the breeze. On the right it plunged beneath umbrageous trees, which barely allowed us to catch a glimpse of its meanderings, as it flowed silently towards the Mediterranean. Giovanni here took it into his head that the rivulet was too deep for the ass, which he accordingly wished to coax over the stepping-stones. The animal for a long time resisted. Ultimately, however, yielding to the logic of a stout cudgel, he undertook the task; but upon reaching a broad stone in mid-channel, stood still, obstinately determined neither to advance nor to retreat. We trembled for our dinner. Giovanni, a boy of about fourteen, now saw clearly he had made a false move. The stone was of considerable height,

the panniers were heavy, the ass obstinate, and his halter very weak. What was to be done? We were averse to cruelty—yet our appetites informed us forcibly that we must dine. Our Milanese cut the Gordian knot by snatching the cudgel from the hands of Giovanni, and dealing the ass so tremendous a blow on the crupper, that he could no longer hesitate, but plunging down into the stream, made his way to land in the best way he could. One or two bottles were cracked in the operation, and shed their rich contents into the stream, to our inexpressible disappointment. However, there was no help for it, so on we went till we reached the banks of the Tarn, literally a mountain gem; so beautiful was its situation, so magnificent the cliffs arising from it on all sides, save the narrow gap by which we had entered into the basin. Just figure to yourself a sheet of water about half-a-mile in circumference, with precipices, several hundred feet high, sloping upwards from its edge, and terminating in crags and pinnacles, in some places pointed as needles. Wherever a scrap of earth would allow vegetation to take root, there small trees and shrubs feathered the acclivity, trembling and waving their variegated foliage over the abyss. It was, doubtless, an ancient crater; and fiery lava had hissed and boiled where that peaceful lake now spread, glittering in the sun. We sat down on large stones close to the water's edge, and taking out our solid materials, with the bottles which remained, we set about enjoying ourselves after the true English fashion, the captain presiding, as his experience entitled him to do. There were roast fowls, and small birds, delicious cold salmon, preserved fruits, jellies, and pastry, with wines of every hue and flavor. Everybody contributed a good keen appetite; and Carlotta, in particular, made great way with the fowls, for which she entertained a great partiality. Madame B——, also, and the other ladies performed their parts well; nor did any of us shrink from the wine, which circulated in profusion, till we were all in the best humor in the world. I should observe that Giovanni was not excluded from our circle; and as, of course, he could not be separated from his companion, he also petitioned for the admission of the ass, which, as Giovanni expressed it, ate bread and drank wine like a Christian.

We all of us noticed a very extraordinary ledge of rock, projecting from between two pinnacles, above three hundred feet, at least, over our heads.

"That ledge," said Giovanni, "was not long ago the scene of a sad tragedy, which plunged the whole of this neighborhood into grief. There was a brigand in the mountains, who often disguised himself, and descended to our village to purchase provisions. On one of these occasions he saw a beautiful girl, the daughter of a vine-grower, who lives close to our house; and, being a lawless person, he determined to steal her away.

"It was not, however, so easy to put his design into execution; for the young girl seldom went

out after dark, and in the day time it would have been next to impossible to effect his purpose, there were so many persons stirring. But there is an old proverb, which says, 'Where there is a will there is a way.' The brigand descended at night to the village, bringing along with him a small ladder, which he had himself constructed. This he placed against one of the windows of our neighbor's house, and, climbing up hastily, forced open the casement, and entered a bed-room, which was that of the father and mother. Here he had the audacity to kindle a lamp, by means of a flint and steel which he had brought with him. He then drew a large pistol from his pocket, and, approaching the bed, determined to shoot them both should they awake. Sound sleep, however, preserved their lives. He then proceeded into the next room, where he found the young woman's brother, a stout young man of about five-and-twenty. He also was asleep, for it was past midnight. In the room adjoining, the brigand found the girl, over whose mouth he passed a tight bandage, tying it firmly behind the head. By doing this he awakened her, but she could not speak; and, holding the pistol to her head, he swore if she struggled he would shoot her on the spot. He then took her in his arms, and carried her, struggling, through her father and mother's bed-room; and, getting out through the window, descended the ladder, where he placed her on her feet, and, seizing her by the arm, forced her along. A neighbor, who happened at this moment to be looking out through her window, saw the young girl struggling hard with the brigand; and, in the contest, the bandage fell off her mouth. She then shouted with all her might, waked her father, mother, and brother, together with several neighbors, who all now rushed out to give chase. The brigand now once more snatched her in his arms, and succeeded in effecting his escape into the woods. How he forced her along is not known; but her cries directed the pursuit for some time. At length, however, she became silent, and it was feared that he had killed her. The night passed on and the dawn began to break, when the brigand and his shivering captive were seen high up among the rocks, making, as it was supposed, towards his cave. The pursuit now recommenced with fresh alacrity. Father, brother, and neighbors, climbed the rocks, spreading themselves so as to encompass the brigand on all sides, and to force him towards yonder precipice, where, it was thought, he must of necessity surrender. Powerful as he was, he gradually became exhausted, by being forced from time to time to carry his captive in his arms. His exertions, therefore, slackened; and the villagers approached nearer and nearer. In order to intimidate them, he drew one of his pistols, and fired. No one was hurt; but, with the second, he shot the brother, who fell, staggering, into his father's arms. The neighbors, now seeing that blood had been shed, likewise grew ferocious, and rushing towards the brigand, determined to take his life. He retreated

towards yonder ledge, and threatened them that, if they did not stand still, he would plunge over it, with the girl in his arms. They treated this as a vain menace intended to arrest their progress; but the girl, who had by this time learned the character of her captor, entreated them to desist. She shuddered, and shrunk back from the dreadful depth before her. Underneath, there were several hundred feet of rock, and a deep lake. The head, as you must feel, gentlemen, turns giddy even in looking up; you may easily conceive, therefore, what it must be to look down from that tremendous height. But the blood of the villagers was heated. They dashed forward, the brigand still waving them back with his hand, and uttering the most fearful threats and imprecations. Every instant, he drew nearer and nearer the edge of the abyss. His face grew pale with rage. He seized the girl by the hair of her head; he shook his clenched fist at his pursuers; he foamed at the mouth like a mad dog; and then, mustering up all his force and all his fury, plunged with the girl over the ledge; and, whirling about in the air, and bounding from crag to crag, they were presently dashed upon the slope which sinks yonder into the lake. Their bodies were immediately found, indescribably mutilated and disfigured; and the brother and sister, the only hopes of their parents, were buried in one grave. A hole in the mountain received the corpse of the brigand. The mother lost her senses, and may still every day be seen sitting at her door, asking the passers-by if they have seen Bianca, and if they can tell her when she will come back. Her husband lives to watch over her; and there is not an individual in the whole country round who does not pause to cast a pitying blessing upon Bianca's mother, and on the husband who so tenderly watches over her."

CHAPTER XXII.—DIALECTICS IN SMOKE.

The reader will, I trust, excuse me for not entering here into the military history of the Bocchetta, and telling him how the Imperialists forced it in 1746, and thus opened themselves a way to Genoa. All this sort of information may be obtained elsewhere. I only undertake to describe my own movements, with what I saw, felt and heard. It belongs to learned travellers to enter minutely into the annals of former generations, and relate the fortunes of all the cities and countries through which they passed. My task is a much humbler one, and I cheerfully abandon to them all the honor and profit to be derived from the grandiose style of writing. It will be understood that we did not remain all night on the borders of the tarn, but returned early to our inn, where we enjoyed the luxury of a hot supper. Some physicians, I believe, condemn this meal as the prolific parent of nightmare, apoplexy, and what not. But I like it, nevertheless, especially when it is eaten in company with pleasant people, whose voices, looks, and smiles impart to it a better relish than the finest sauce. On the present

occasion we had at immense treat, fresh trout and grayling, known to our neighbors by the poetic name of *ombre chevalier*—I suppose because of its darting through clear streams like a shadow. These delicate fish, nicely fried, and served up like Turkish cababs, hissing hot, appeared much to the taste of all present. The captain pronounced them magnificent; and Madame B——, in all such matters quite his echo, protested she had never tasted anything so good in her life. Carlotta was much of the same opinion. The rest of the party, no way inclined to get up a controversy on the subject, agreed with us to a tittle. So we ate, and were very merry, as people should be who have nothing on their consciences. It would be wrong, however, to grant a monopoly of praise to the fish, since the wine was no less deserving of commendation. It sparkled in the glasses like liquid amber, and diffused around a delicious aroma, enough of itself to intoxicate a poet. Let no one misunderstand me if I confess I love wine. Not for its own sake—God forbid!—but for that of the agreeable things to which it gives birth among pleasant people. It operates like moral sunshine on the human countenance; it adds fresh brightness to the brightest eyes; and, as it lies cradled in glittering crystal, appears half conscious of the ideas it is capable of inspiring. No philosopher, I admit, has yet discovered the way in which it impregnates the brain, and calls into being swarms of gorgeous fancies, flashes of fiery wit, modifications of grotesque and comic humor, that set the table in a roar. But though the metaphysics of the affair may baffle us, we cannot be at all mistaken respecting the plain matter of fact. Half the literature of the old world owes its charms to wine. How the poets revel in the subject! How they boast of those "*noctes cenæque deorem*" over which the Falernian sheds its perfume, and where the Chian or Mæotic imparted fresh wings to the imagination! And yet, I dare say, they were all in reality as sober as quakers, and drank chiefly out of those fabulous bowls which were served up to the gods of Olympus.

It is to be hoped the reader, especially if a lady, is of a tolerant disposition; otherwise, I shall scarcely obtain forgiveness for my frequent introduction of cigars. But how can one draw a true picture if he omit the principal figure! And where smokers are assembled, your cigar, like the Zeus of the old Orphic hymn writer, is first, last, and middle. At all events, as soon as we began to feel ourselves comfortable after supper, the captain brought out his case, filled with choice *Los dos Amigos*, and politely handed it round. No one, of course, refused the proffered weed. Experience had taught us that the ladies were tolerant; so we all lighted at once, and were soon enveloped in an ambrosial cloud, as thick, if not as fragrant, as that in which *πατηρ θεων τε και ανθρωπων* embraced Hera on Olympus.

Who that had seen us then, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, as serene, pacific, and dreamy as opium-eaters, would ever have

imagined the topic which Até threw in, like the apple of discord, among us. Military men are often great theologians, it being a rule in this world, that people always best like to talk about what they do not understand. Our captain possessed this fine quality, and being, of course, a Protestant, contrived—Heaven knows how!—to engage us all in a discussion on the comparative merits of the two churches. As might have been expected, the Carbonaro looked down with supreme contempt on all churches, and, indeed—which, however, is a very different thing—on all religions, also. He had been taught, poor fellow, to believe that complete liberty is only to be attained by emancipating the mind from all its preconceived notions, whether true or false; and his creed, accordingly, was the most compendious imaginable, since he believed nothing; but, like another person of our acquaintance, who shall here be nameless, he had not a metaphysical head, and therefore, though he argued a great deal, there was nothing in it. He had read "*Lametrie*," and the "*Système de la Nature*," peeped into Kant, and Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling, and amused himself occasionally with Vanini and Giordano Bruno. He had, accordingly, a great deal to say, and said it with an easy dogmatism, well calculated to impose upon the ignorant.

With this redoubtable young gentleman, the captain, in one of his airy mental excursions, came into collision. But materialism is an unfruitful and uninviting topic; and, to my very great relief, the Dalmatian adroitly shifted the ground of argument, and brought it round to the chances of Catholicism. He thought, not without some reason, that there is a fashion in religion as in other things, and that in the history of the world, faiths come in and out like ruffs and farthingales, though sometimes under new names; but Catholicism he maintained to be the creed best adapted to the wants of man in this world, made up as it is of mystery, dogmatism, and an incessant appeal to the sensibilities of our nature. Its mysteries are calculated to excite and keep alive our curiosity; its dogmatism subdues our will; its poetical character addresses itself to our imaginations, and transports us into a world of soft illusions infinitely delightful to the mind. "But, my dear sir," exclaimed the captain, "what signifies this if it be false? as I maintain it to be. It has had its day, however, and is now dying out. People fancy they see tokens of revival in England, France, and elsewhere, because a few mystical priests and clergymen, eager for ecclesiastical domination, are laboring to diffuse an artificial enthusiasm for niches, wax tapers, high altars, beads, copes, and dalmatics. But does the history of mankind afford one single example of the resuscitation of an old creed? No, sir, a religion, once dead, is dead forever."

"But can a religion be dead," interposed Carlotta, "when it has an altar in every heart—when it places us, morning and evening, on our knees—when it begets hourly in us a fresh sense of

dependence on Heaven, and a constant desire to do whatever is best for those around us?"

"My dear young lady," replied the captain, "it is Christianity, not Catholicism, which does that."

"They are the same thing," said Carlotta.

"Exactly," exclaimed the Carbonaro.

Madame B—— felt much perplexed. In some respects, she liked the heretical captain; but as her understanding had always been in priestly leading-strings, she thought that however pleasant he might be in this world, he would certainly be damned in the next. However, it was for this world, and not the next, that she desired to marry him; and therefore she dissembled her condemnation of his heresy, and adroitly led us back to more pleasant topics, for which I felt deeply indebted to her. It was, indeed, full time, since, with the exception of Carlotta, everybody had begun to wear a controversial aspect, and to look as fierce and threatening as two bulls before a herd of cows in a meadow. Even the influence of *Los dos Amigos* might not have sufficed to keep us friends. Man's religion or irreligion is his private property, and therefore he feels excessively sore when other people rudely trespass upon it. Indeed, we are as jealous of it as we are of our wives, and are quite as ready to resent an insult offered to it. Doubly valuable, therefore, was the politic interposition of Madame B——, and long may she enjoy the blessing which attaches to the peace-maker. Fresh cigars were lighted, fresh bumpers filled up; and when at last we parted for the night, it was as the best friends in the world. We had steered nicely between Scylla and Charybdis, and retired to bed not only whole in bones, but with whole tempers. It was a controversy spoiled.

As the reader is, of course, well acquainted with the Anabasis, he will remember with what rapture the Greek soldiers beheld, from the summit of certain mountains, the broad, glittering expanse of the Euxine, and how they rushed forward, brandishing their spears and clashing their shields, exclaiming "*Thalata! thalata!*" ("The sea! the sea!") I am not ashamed to say that I experienced something of the same delight when, from the summit of the Bocchetta, I caught the first glimpse of the Mediterranean. Inexpressibly bright and blue was its surface; but it was not its brightness, it was not its color, that acted like a spell on the imagination. It was the thousand associations that had been created in my mind ever since boyhood, that lent to the aspect of it so powerful a charm. All the glory of the Roman republic seemed to be unrolled upon its bosom. The galleys which bore the men who conquered the world, and put their democratic feet upon the necks of so many kings, had ploughed those waves, which roll as freshly now before the breeze as when the prows of the early consuls dashed through them in the rapture of youthful freedom.

We now descended rapidly into the valley which leads to Genoa, following nearly all day the course

of the river which has its *embouchure* near that city. I know not how it happened, but this was the least pleasant day of the whole journey. We had contracted something like a friendship for each other, and felt that we were here to part, some in one direction, some in another. The Milanese conspirator could not, moreover, forget what dangers and difficulties lay before him. Without a passport he could not enter Genoa; and how, without a passport, was he to embark on any ship or steamer? These embarrassing thoughts occupied his mind, and kept him silent. The Hanoverian and Dalmatian had each his peculiar cause of anxiety. Carlotta and her mamma were almost sad. The captain's family was not addicted to talking, so that the task of keeping up the ball was left entirely to him and me. He was an old traveller, and therefore always endeavored to make the most of his time. He formed no sudden likings or dislikings. He had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody, could discuss all commonplace topics with fluency, regarded everybody around him as a part of his amusement, and was intensely self-satisfied and comfortable whether, when they left him, they went east or west, to the antipodes or to the devil. It mattered not a jot to him; he had seen them, he had conversed with them, and when they vanished, he thought as little of the circumstance as the dispersion of a cloud in a summer sky. Of this philosophy he was proud; and some, perhaps, might have envied him. I confess I did not. I regret parting with people, especially if their company has given me much pleasure; and, therefore, with all the efforts I could make, I was unable to lose sight of the fact that our delightful little party would be broken up in a few hours, and that I should have once more to be thrown amongst entire strangers. About a mile from Genoa, the Milanese took his leave of us, shaking hands with more heartiness than I expected. He evidently felt much regret; and, as he went off, I sincerely wished success to him and his cause. Presently we rattled into the streets of Genoa, stopped in the inn yard, shook hands, took our leave of each other, and in ten minutes I found myself in a pleasant little bed-room overlooking the sea, the breeze from which was blowing softly in at the open windows.

CHAPTER XXIII. — COLUMBUS AND THE VIRGIN.

You have, of course, experienced that sudden collapse of the mind which follows upon the heels of protracted excitement. Everything above, around, and below you, seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. Your coffee is bad, your supper is worse, the smoke of your cigar smells like assa-fetida. When you go to bed, you can't sleep, and your waking thoughts are like so many hellish dreams. I began to think what a fool I was to leave home, and travel thousands of miles by sea and land, just to see a river, a few old walls, columns, and a rabble of dirty Arabs. Could not I read about them, and be contented? And then, how cruel it was to leave my wife and children,

and the cholera committing frightful ravages along the frontier, and just upon the point of entering Switzerland. I should positively never see them again. For was not the plague always in Egypt? Did not the desert swarm with robbers? Were there not crocodiles in the Nile big enough to swallow me at a single mouthful? Were there not fevers of all shades and hues in Alexandria, in Cairo, and all the way up the valley? It would have been much better to have thought of these things in time. And then, would my constitution hold out? Was I not already immensely fatigued? Was I not thin? Was I not feverish? Was I not, in short, utterly bedeviled? In this pleasant frame of mind I went to bed, where, instead of enjoying sweet sleep, and getting comforted and refreshed, my torments were increased a hundred fold. No sooner had I extinguished the candle, than the enemy descended on me in myriads, in the shape of infernal mosquitoes, which stung me almost to madness. I battled with them manfully. I killed them, hundreds at a time, on my forehead and on my cheeks, till my hands and face were covered with blood. Still their numbers did not seem in the least to be diminished. They renewed the attack as long as there was a whole place left on my skin, and then stuck their stings into the wounds made by their predecessors. If I had known Sterne's chapter of curses by heart, I would gladly have levelled it against mosquitoes and all Genoa, which I pronounced all night long to be one of the avenues to Tartarus. Once I fancied it would be a fine stroke of northern policy to wrap my head in the sheet; but, besides that I should soon have been stifled on account of the heat of the room, large numbers of the foe insinuated themselves along with me under the fallacious covering, and appeared to sting me more at their ease. So, giving up all hope of sleep, and of remission from torment, there I lay, uttering all sorts of imprecations, till the dawn. Then, however, as if by magic, every little winged devil took its flight, and I enjoyed two or three hours of delicious sleep. When, very late in the morning, the chambermaid came to call me, she uttered a loud exclamation on seeing the state of my face, and begged a thousand pardons. It had been all her fault, she said, for, not remembering that I was a stranger, she had omitted to pull down the mosquito curtains, which had hung uselessly over my head all night. She desired me, however, to remain quietly in bed, and left the room. Returning presently, she brought along with her a cup of delicious coffee, and a thin, white, warm liquid, in a basin, in which she dipped a small bit of muslin, and bathed my forehead and face, which were dreadfully swollen. I forgot to inquire what the liquid was; but it almost immediately relieved the pain, and, in the course of half-an-hour, reduced the swelling considerably, so that I was, at all events, fit to be seen. I then got up and dressed, and, by eleven o'clock, was seated in a coffee-room smoking a cigar. A little, withered old man, who sat there smoking also, asked me if I

had ever been at Genoa before. I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "let me tell you of the only curiosity worthy of notice which this city contains. It is the portrait of Christopher Columbus, the most extraordinary man produced in these latter ages. I have traversed the Atlantic in his track; I have explored every island in the Gulf of Mexico; I have sailed from Cape Horn to Hudson's Bay; and my mind has all the while been filled with the image of Columbus, whose genius gave the new world to the old."

I thanked him sincerely for his information, and asked him where the portrait was to be found.

"I will take you to the house," said he; "it is at present in the possession of a priest, a very old friend of mine, who will have great pleasure in showing it to you."

"Shall we go at once?" I inquired.

"With all my heart!" cried the old sailor.

And forth we issued, puffing our cigars as we went. He inquired in what direction I was travelling; and, when I mentioned Greece and Egypt, he said he had been in both countries, had smoked a cigar on the Acropolis, bathed in the waters of Castalia, spent a night in the Catacombs, and drank from a bucket at the bottom of Joseph's well. He was now on a voyage to the Bermudas; but, as the ship would not sail in less than three days, he said it would afford him infinite pleasure to be useful to me in the mean time. When we had reached our point of destination, he handed me over to the priest, and went away to transact some business in a distant quarter of the city. The priest, a jolly old fellow, whose ample, portly figure, formed a complete contrast with that of his friend, took me straight up stairs, where he withdrew a curtain from a picture, which I found to be a portrait of a woman.

"Why," said I, "this is not Christopher Columbus, but the blessed Virgin."

"It is all one," answered he; "and for the rest, I have sold the picture of the great navigator, long ago, but thought you would like to see this fine work of art, which is also for sale."

"I don't buy pictures," said I.

"It does not signify," said the priest; "you may see all I have, as, if *l'illustrissimo* signor does not purchase himself, he may know some one who does."

I had gone to see Columbus, and not the Virgin Mary; who smiled on me, nevertheless, from the canvas, and in some sort reconciled me to my disappointment. I experienced, at that moment, the full fascination of art. A second look at that divine countenance shed a calm over my whole mind. It was full of sweetness, full of tranquil beauty; and a light beamed from the eyes which nothing but the touch of genius could bestow. I wished, from the bottom of my soul, I had been a picture-buyer, and could have afforded to take that gem with me to Egypt. I could have held converse with it by the way. It would have raised and purified my thoughts, and done me good in all

respects. I congratulated the priest on his possessing so fine a picture, and asked him if he knew the artist. He said he did not, but supposed it must be by some great master. I entirely agreed with him. The price he required for it, however, was very moderate. Other pictures he had, which, though not equally beautiful, were no less valuable, perhaps, in a commercial point of view. We conversed on his treasures for some time; and when I took my leave, he invited me to come again. He observed, moreover, if the sight of works of art delighted me, he would show me a church in which, to use his own expression, there was a picture worth all Genoa.

"Come to me to-morrow," said he, "and I will go with you. To-day I have some little business to transact, but I shall then be entirely at your disposal."

"What is the subject?" I inquired.

"Artemis bathing in an Arcadian fountain," said he.

I looked in his face to observe the expression of it. It was full of calmness and dignity. He thought of Artemis as of a saint. I promised to call on him next morning, and went down to take a stroll on the Mola, and enjoy the fresh breeze from the Mediterranean. The view of the city—

But no; I will not describe it now; another time will do better, when I shall have seen it from all points, and have studied all its aspects. Genoa stands alone among Italian capitals, for the nature of its site, and the splendor of its palaces. It is, perhaps, the finest monument existing of almost imperial magnificence in decay.

IMPRESSIONS OF ETON, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849.

ETON, amidst thy pleasant fields I stand
Unknown, unknowing; I can claim no part
In the long glories which thy name recalls,
The trophies and the thousand monuments
Which thou has reared for learning and mankind;
Nor do thy courts and towers to me bring back
A schoolboy's youth:—I am not of thy sons,
And yet I feel the genius of the place;
It breathes upon my brow and on my mind;
It spreads around me like an atmosphere;—
For all things are in unison:—the stream
Winding in its calm beauty through the meads,
This floor of softest grass, these waving trees;
While, opposite, from that majestic pile—
Windsor's and Britain's castellated pride—
The spirit of old monarchy looks down.
Nature and Art, the Present and the Past,
All recollections and all images,
The very aspect and the very air,
The visible objects and the historic forms
That crowd upon the fancy, have one voice,
And make one harmony. Illustrious spot!
I view thee, Eton, and I seem to see
Through the pervading influence of what spells,
What culture of the soul, they who are thine
Became what they have been and what they are.
All of refinement speaks, and polished skill
In sport or study; liberal thoughts and deeds;
And courtesy, and gentle courage born
Of honor, and the nicest sense of shame.
Well also with these structures may accord
Religion, mellowed by Humanity;
Tempering the sallies of a lavish mirth,
And passions in their quick development;
Hallowing their earthly reverence, which upholds
Or throne or altar, and th' inviolate line
Of fixed traditions in the British state.
Not here, methinks, not in such scenes as these,
Could rigid Science most delight to dwell,
Labored, exact, mechanical; not here
Should crabb'd Erudition hold her seat,
Ponderous and harsh; not here be sought and found
The stern, untamed Sublimity, that draws
Its accents from hoarse waves and mountains hoar,
In savage grandeur and wild solitude;—
But Scholarship, in happier charms arrayed,
And Verse, that, like the silver Thames, flows on

Graceful, and clear, and smoothly musical.

Yet, by the margin of this placid tide,
Yet, in the shelter of these cloistered walls,
Tranquil, though unmonastic, have been nursed
Large aspirations, high and deep resolves,
And all that forms, or feeds, the heroic soul.
How many a generous and romantic boy,
Wrapt up in seeming idleness, hath sat
Beneath these shades, or in these waters dipped
His listless oar, blending and cherishing
Great hopes of fame, fond dreams of earliest love!
How, too, the long procession marches by
Of orators and statesmen; leaders cheered
By friends and foes in senates; chiefs renowned
In camp or court; and prelates of the church,
Worthy the honored mitres which they wore—
Here taught, here trained, here nurtured, here in-
spired;

Then, by the gratitude of after-days,
Rendering these precincts glorious, peopling them
With mighty shadows! Quiet reigns around,
But not desertion. Though vacation's hour
Awhile has scattered the light-hearted throng,
What names start up, what memories, e'en for me,
A stranger—nor without the thrill and glow
Of genial joy! For who that knows the lore
Of England, and the annals of her race,
Can look with cold and unadmiring eye
On Eton, and these schools, founded by kings,
By nobles fostered! Ah, what marvel then,
That Loyalty is here the boast and badge!
Or if the scions of such stock have linked
Their creeds and fortunes with the popular cause,
Democracy has worn a courtlier robe,
And shown a chivalrous and gallant front,
Nothing of coarse or rude;—has loved to muse
On Greek republics, such as Athens was,
Or in his lofty visions Plato saw;
Or else hath striv'n to lift the struggling mass
To purer tastes, and soften human life
With Libraries and Galleries of Art,
Wide open to the sons of want and toil.

But my words wander; let me not evoke
One gloomier shape, where all to-day is peace;—
All, save those engines on their iron path,
Bringing the smoke and din of the vexed world,
Marring and disenchanting this fair scene.

J. S. B.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ANNALISTS OF THE RESTORATION.—NO. I.

MR. SECRETARY PEPYS.

THE minute examination of any one authentic work does more to familiarize us with the history of the period to which it refers, than the perusal of a hundred abridgments. It is probable that more graphic pictures of the bar of his time, and of the civic contests at a period of what soon became a death-struggle between political parties, are to be gleaned from Roger North's highly-colored narratives, than in any other way. A single sentence often implies a whole train of feelings scarcely suspected to have existed; and yet which, when exposed to view, give the explanation of secrets otherwise wholly unintelligible. We begin to understand—nay, to participate in—the passions that divided society in the days of the Charleses and the Jameses. We see the interior of courts and cabinets in a way in which it was not given to the historians—from whose works the public yet gleams its general knowledge of the facts of any particular reign—to see them. The Walpoles and the Herveys have betrayed secrets which the Smolletts, and Belshams, and the tribe of compilers, never dreamt of. The almost unlimited publication of private documents, which each day is disinterring from old family repositories, will compel the whole of our civil history to be re-written. Of the period of the Restoration, no man can be said to know anything who has not read the memoirs of Evelyn and Pepys.* Evelyn is many ways a more respectable man, and must remain a higher name in our literature. Pepys was, however, a much more entertaining fellow; and we doubt whether the revelation of his own character, strangely given us in his memoirs, is not almost as valuable a part of his work, as that which, in a more proper sense, adds to the materials of history.

We speak of the revelation being strangely given us. Lord Braybrooke has published three editions of the *Memoirs*,† each in some respects communicating information not to be found in the others, though the last is in every important respect infinitely the best. The “*Diary*,” by which we chiefly know Pepys, was drawn up in the form of a journal—he noting down in a peculiar cipher the incidents of each day, important or unimportant as they might be. This short-hand seems to have answered its purposes of concealment; for, as far as we can learn from Lord Braybrooke's preface to the earlier editions, it does not appear to have been deciphered till some short time before its publication. That Pepys himself trusted to his disguise is plain, from an entry with which the journal closes:—

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my own

journal, I not being able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes every time I take a pen in my hand, and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than what is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in short hand with my own hand.

We have thus become almost accidentally acquainted with what Pepys—indulging at the same time his habitual caution, and the garrulous propensity which was his very nature—thought he had effectually hidden. Of Pepy's “*Correspondence*,” for which we are all indebted to Lord Braybrooke, and which exhibits another phase of his character, a great portion had a narrow escape of being altogether lost. Some seventy volumes of original papers that had belonged to Pepys are now deposited in the Bodleian Library, among Dr. Rawlinson's collection. How Dr. Rawlinson became possessed of these, Lord Braybrooke was unable to learn. It would appear, however, that his interposition saved them from destruction, and secured their preservation in a place of secure and convenient deposit.

Samuel Pepys was descended from the Pepyses of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire. Our hero is said to have been of a younger branch. His father was a tailor, which may for a while have dimmed his pretensions in heraldic eyes; for we find him telling us of reading for the first time “*Fuller's Worthies*,” and “being much troubled that, though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms, he says nothing at all of us, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family was never considerable.” The father retired from trade in or about 1660, and resided for the rest of his life—some twenty years—at Brampton.

Samuel was born on the 23d of February, 1632. He appears to have passed from Huntingdon School to St. Paul's, where he continued till 1650, early in which year his name appears as a sizar on the books of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the next year he removed to Magdalene's, where he was elected into a scholarship. The only record of his college career is the following:—

October 21, 1653.

Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, for being scandalously over-served with drink the night before. This was done in the presence of all the fellows then resident.

JOHN WOOD, Regr.

In October, 1655, he married Elizabeth St. Michel. His wife was of French descent. Some account is given of her parentage in a letter addressed by her brother to Pepys—they were grandchildren of the high sheriff of Anjou in France, all of whose family were rigid Catholics. The father of Mrs. Pepys was disinherited on his conversion to Protestantism. Being deprived of any fortune from his family, he came over as gentleman-carver to Queen Henrietta Maria. This

* “*Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke.*” 5 vols. London: Henry Colman. 1828.

† 1825—1828—1848.

would not seem a good place for a Protestant, and he was soon dismissed, having struck a friar who rebuked him for not attending mass. He soon after married an Irish widow, and then served against the Spaniards. While he was away, his wife and children were "inveigled by pretended devouts" into a Roman Catholic establishment, whence the future Mrs. Pepys, then only twelve or thirteen years old, and extremely handsome, was removed into the Ursulines, which was then considered the strictest convent in Paris." St. Michel, however, who was almost distracted at what had occurred, succeeded in recovering them. How Pepys and his wife became acquainted, is not recorded. The marriage seems to have been a sufficiently happy one, though nothing could easily be more rash. He was but twenty-three, and his wife fifteen, and neither of them had anything. Sir Edward Montague, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, was, however, a relative of Pepys', and appears at all times to have been a faithful and anxious friend; and with him he was employed, probably as secretary. In 1658, he attended Sir Edward on his expedition to the Sound, and on their return was, through Montagu's interest, employed in some public office connected with the pay of the army.

He was afterwards appointed secretary to the two generals of the fleet, and went to Scheveling on board the flag-ship of his patron to bring home Charles the Second. Sir Edward was rewarded with an earldom. In the following summer, Pepys was nominated *Clerk of the Acts* of the Navy. In this office Pepys' great talents for business soon developed themselves. The age was a licentious one, and Pepys, though he escaped its vices, was one who enjoyed pleasure. We say, "though he escaped its vices;" but we say it with hesitation, as Pepys had an eye for female beauty, and gave frequent occasions to what may or may not have been causeless jealousy on the part of his wife; and Lord Braybrooke's suppression of parts of the "Diary" may have reference to stories of the kind, too good to be translated out of the secretary's own cipher. His attendance on the theatre was constant. However, his first object was a conscientious fulfilment of his duty; and Lord Braybrooke expresses amazement how he could have found time to despatch so much business as he did, and to make copies of the voluminous papers connected with the navy. "These papers afford," says Lord B., "the best evidence that he labored incessantly for the good of the service, and endeavored to check the contractors by whom the naval stores were then supplied, and to establish such regulations in the dock-yards as might ensure order and economy. He also strenuously advocated the promotion of the old-established officers of the navy, striving to counteract the undue influence exercised by the court minions, which too often prevailed on that unprincipled government over every claim of merit or service; and he resisted to the utmost the open system of

selling places practised in every department of the state in the most unblushing manner."

In Pepys there was a resolute heroism which showed itself in doing his duty in circumstances where others held aloof. When the plague came, and London was deserted, Pepys remained at his post. "The sickness thickens round us," said he, writing to Sir William Coventry; "you took your turn of the sword—I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence." During the fire of London Pepys again exhibited the calmest courage, and did more than any one else in rendering essential service. He sent persons from the dockyards to blow up the houses, and thus arrested the progress of the flames.

In the spring of 1668, when De Ruyter's successful enterprise against Chatham, in the preceding year, became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, the officers of the navy board naturally incurred the greatest share of the public indignation; they were accordingly summoned to the bar of the House of Commons. Upon this occasion the clerk of the acts undertook their defence, and, in a speech of three hours' duration, succeeded so well in proving that the blame neither rested with himself nor his colleagues, that no further proceedings were instituted against them.

In the summer of 1669, Pepys discontinued his journal, in consequence of increasing weakness of sight; and, though his eyes recovered, he never resumed it. We must, then, in judging of the journal, remember that it gives but the early years of his official life; and the clerk of the acts was a different man from the secretary of the admiralty of after days. His comparative youth, too, accounts for the temper of levity with which he regarded the sins and scandal of the most vicious court that had ever existed in England. In the course of 1669, Pepys obtained leave of absence from his office for a few months, and accompanied by his wife he visited France and Holland. His time was, even while abroad, devoted to the service of the department to which he belonged, and he occupied himself in obtaining information with respect to the Dutch and French navies. Shortly after his return he lost his wife. Through Pepys' life he had some misgivings of his wife's religion. Having been educated for some years of her early life in a French convent, he thought she might have retained some of the feelings towards Romanism that it had been the object of her instructors to inculcate; but shortly before her death she received the sacrament with her husband from the rector of the parish, and thus this doubt was dispelled.

In a few years afterwards the question was Pepys' own religion. Pepys had been a round-head when a boy, and he tells us of serious fear that he at one time entertained, after the Restoration, lest a schoolfellow should remember that on the day the king was beheaded he said, "Were I to preach on this occasion, my text should be, 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.'" The

fact that Pepys had been a roundhead, or called so when at school, was entirely forgotten; but, in general, malice dealt not with facts or half facts, but with absolute falsehoods, admitting of no explanation, nor of any other contradiction than such as arises from being able to prove the witnesses of the invented calumny unworthy of any credit. Pepys was returned as member to the House of Commons, but his seat was disputed, and the house thought itself entitled to examine some statements that personally affected Pepys. It was stated that he had an altar and a crucifix in his house. It was with difficulty extorted that the information on which the house was disposed to act had been given by Lord Shaftesbury. Sir J. Banks was also said to have seen the altar. Shaftesbury evaded and equivocated, denied the altar, but said he saw something like a crucifix, whether painted or carved he could not say, "his memory was so imperfect that, were he on his oath, he could give no testimony." Banks denied the thing altogether. One solitary word of truth there does not appear to have been in the accusation. The opposition to Pepys was allowed to drop, and he was allowed peaceably to retain his seat. Pepys' journal bears incontrovertible testimony to his attachment to the Church of England:—

In some of the earliest pages of his Diary how interesting are the accounts of his attendance on the worship of that church, when her rites were administered to a scattered flock by a few faithful and courageous men, who met for that purpose in secret and in danger, like the fathers of the primitive church under the tyranny of their heathen persecutors! After the Restoration, the confidential servant of the Duke of York, and the secretary of the admiralty to Charles II. and James II., saw, undoubtedly, how much his temporal interests would be promoted by his conversion to that faith which both those princes had embraced, and for the propagation of which the last of them, his immediate patron, manifested such a bigoted and fanatical enthusiasm. But there is no reason for believing that any such temptation ever entered into his mind; or, if it did, the reader will see, in the close of this memoir, the most satisfactory proofs that it was steadily and successfully resisted.—*Lord Braybrooke. Life of Pepys.*

In 1673, the Duke of York having resigned all his employments, Pepys was called into the king's immediate service as secretary for the affairs of the navy. In 1679, Pepys was again accused. It was the day of pretended plots and conspiracies. Pepys was accused of treasonable correspondence with France, and was committed to the Tower. One of his servants gave testimony that his master was a Roman Catholic, and that a foreign music master who lived in Pepys' house was a priest in disguise. The servant afterwards retracted all he said, and if other evidence of Pepys' innocence be required it is enough to say that Evelyn states his belief that the accusation was altogether groundless.

Another change in the constitution of the admiralty separated Pepys from it, but during this interval he attended Charles at Newmarket, and it was then and there that he took down in short hand

from Charles' own lips the romantic narrative of his escape after the battle of Worcester.

In the next year the king assumed the office of lord high admiral, and Pepys was constituted secretary for the affairs of the admiralty, which office he filled during the remainder of Charles' reign, and the whole of James II. When news came of the landing of William, James was sitting to Kneller for his picture; with entire composure he desired the painter "to proceed and finish the portrait, that his good friend might not be disappointed:—"

The history of the period from Mr. Pepys' commitment to the Tower to the abdication of James II., so far as the administration of the navy is concerned, and the part borne by him therein, will be found fully and elegantly detailed in his Memoirs published in 1690, which the reader may consult for his more ample satisfaction. From the perusal of this interesting little tract, as well as many parts of the work now published, it may be seen how erroneously the merit of restoring the navy to its pristine splendor has been assigned to James II. by his different biographers. Mr. Stanier Clarke, in particular, actually dwells upon the essential and lasting benefit which that monarch conferred on his country, by *building up and regenerating the naval power*; and asserts, as a *proof of the king's great ability*, that the regulations still enforced under the orders of the admiralty, are nearly the same as those originally drawn up by him. It becomes due, therefore, to Mr. Pepys to explain, that for these improvements, the value of which no person can doubt, we are indebted to him, and not to his royal master. To establish this fact, it is only necessary to refer to the MSS. connected with the subject, in the Bodleian and Pepysian Libraries, by which the extent of Mr. Pepys' official labors can alone be appreciated; and we even find in the Diary, as early as 1668, that a long letter of regulation, produced before the commissioners of the navy by the Duke of York, as *his own composition*, was entirely written by the Clerk of the Acts.—*Lord Braybrooke. Life.*

Pepys' attachment to James was too great to have it natural that he should continue to be employed after the revolution, and he passed into private life. Still till the time of his death he was consulted about all things that in any way related to the navy. In 1684, he was raised to the high station of President of the Royal Society. In 1703 he died. "I never," said the clergyman who attended him in his death illness—"I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude or patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will which he acknowledged to be the wisdom of God."

The "DIARY" is the record of ten years—from January, 1659–60, to May, 1670. In the earlier editions of the work Lord Braybrooke had considerably abridged the narrative; and even in the last edition there are omissions. The manners of our age will not permit much that, in days infinitely less licentious than those of the second Charles, was inoffensively and innocently spoken and written, and we doubt, accordingly, the fitness of any omissions

whatever. Allowance is made for the difference of manners which neutralizes whatever is mischievous; and a distrust of every part of the work is introduced, when an editor once begins to exercise his own discretion in determining how much or how little of the work he edits is to appear before the public. In the new edition of Pepys, the additions are very considerable—scarce a page where they do not occur; and, as in the original selections, all that bore on the general history of the country was studiously preserved, it now happens, that the matter, for the first time printed, and which was then omitted, is that which relates to Pepys himself, or to some passing incident of no seeming importance. To us these trifling traits of character—these transient indications of manners, are of more value than the more formal passages, if, indeed, anything in this most amusing and most unreserved journal can be called formal. There is not a single page of the new edition which it is not necessary to read, as the additions are often of but a few lines, and are not in any way distinguished by any difference of type. The new edition is, in truth, an absolutely new work. Lord Braybrooke's notes to it are also considerably more illustrative of the text than those in the former editions. Five-and-twenty years have not passed without having considerably increased his means of information on the subjects with which his notes are occupied.

The "Diary" commences at a time when it was manifest that the son of Cromwell had not the genius or the disposition to retain the sovereignty of England. Everything tended to a restoration. We may as well transcribe Pepys' two first entries, as they have the advantage both of exhibiting the posture of public affairs, and of showing his own character:—

1659-60.—Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking cold. I lived in Axe-yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the state was thus, viz., the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new common council of the city do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed, that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but, indeed, very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain. Mr. Downing master of my office.

Jan. 1st (Lord's day).—This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel

at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words—"That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing that, by "made under the law," is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts.

The Downing here mentioned is described by Wood as "a sider with all times and changes, skilled in the common cant, and a preacher occasionally." He was employed by Cromwell, and after the Restoration he became secretary to the treasury. Pepys' employment under him was in some way connected with the Exchequer. The Mr. Gunning whom he mentions, became afterwards Bishop of Ely. He had continued to read the liturgy at Exeter House, when the parliament was most predominant, for which Wood often rebuked him. Downing's changes of politics in these strange times, when no man could see his way, are not to be too harshly judged of. The fact itself was, probably, nothing more than that he served under the parliament, and afterwards under Charles. The temper in which it is recorded is, that of some writer of the day relating the fact in a tone that exhibits his own feelings, and not those of the person he describes. We mention this, because too much stress has been laid on Pepys' school-boy Roundheadism, and his being indebted to Downing for the humble office which he held, has been made the subject of absurd accusation against him. In spite of his schoolboy republicanism, which was but a transient fever of the mind, Pepys was, long before the Restoration, in spirit and in heart, a loyalist. In religion, he was at all times an episcopalian; and the thought of royalty and the church were at that time fixedly associated in men's minds. There is a striking entry, dated the 30th of January, 1659, (1660, as we would write,) for the first time printed, in Lord Braybrooke's last edition of the "Diary," which shows the true tone of Pepys' feelings:—"This morning, before I was up, I fell a singing of my song 'Great, good, and just,' &c., and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day, now ten years since, his majesty died. There seems now to be a general cease of talk, it being taken for granted that Monk do resolve to stand to the parliament, and nothing else." The expectation, then, of the Restoration was dying away at the time when Pepys' thoughts were thus occupied. What Pepys calls his song, was the beginning of Montrose's verses on the execution of Charles, which he had set to music:—

Great, good, and just, could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate;
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
That it should deluge once again.
But, since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

The fluctuations of opinion everywhere, and the

watchful anxiety with which Monk's movements were regarded by all, during a period in which the fate of the nation seemed to depend on the part he might take, are nowhere so strikingly described as in this journal. His whole conduct, interpreted by the fact of his ultimately declaring for the Restoration, is, in the popular histories of England, described as if it were consistent, and as if the purpose which he accomplished was a part of his original design, and not like most of the acts of men, in whatever position, a compromise with circumstances which they but partially influence. We learn more of human nature, and more of actual fact, in these successive notices, drawn up without the key which after-events give. The joy of the city, when Monk declared for a free parliament, and when the rump was dethroned, is well told:—

11th February, 1659-60.—We were told that the parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And that the mayor and aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, "God bless them!" and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star Tavern (Monk being then at Benson's.) In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks, and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

Still all was doubtful. Something like monarchy is becoming the popular thought. Pepys' entry of the first of March following tells us—"Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would be Charles, George, or Richard* again. Great, also, is the dispute now in the house in whose name the new writs shall run for the next parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open house said, 'In King Charles'.'" The entry of March the 6th contains the following:—"My Lord [Sir E. Montagu] told me that there was great endeavors to bring in the protector again; but he told me, too, that he did not think it would last long if he were brought in; no, nor the king neither, (though he seems to think that

he will come in,) unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Everybody now drinks the king's health without any fear; whereas it was before very private that a man dare to do it."

Pepys' solution of Lambert's not being unwilling to go to the Tower is not bad:—"My Lord did seem to wonder much why Lambert was so willing to be put into the Tower, and thinks he has some design in it; but I think that he is so poor that he cannot use his liberty for debts, if he were at liberty; and so it is as good and better for him to be there than anywhere else."

In Dr. Beattie's "Life of Campbell the Poet," we remember something like this. An Irish patriot of 1798 finds himself comfortably boarded and lodged as a state prisoner. He is detained so long that a kind of intimacy grows up between him and his gaoler. The governor of the prison has a daughter, who listens indulgently to his stories of forfeited estates and chateaux in Ireland, inherited from his ancestors in the days of Milesius. The state prisoner gradually becomes a great man; and as he is pretty sure to return each evening about dinner-time, is allowed to ramble where he pleases during the day. At last a real grievance comes—the order for his liberation—and O'Donovan is obliged to curtail his name of some dozen Celtic letters, which he had each day amused himself in explaining to the governor's daughter; has to forget all about Milesius, and Finn M'Comhal, and the glories and victories of his ancestors, Christian and Pagan, and earn his bread, or cease to eat it, as if he were no better than a mere Saxon.

Pepys was not entrusted with the secret of Sir Edward Montagu, who had been in correspondence with the king and the Duke of York for some time; nor were the movements of Monk and Montagu in concert, though all were plainly tending to the Restoration. When Montagu determined on taking Pepys on board with him in the vessel that was to bring back the king, the object of the voyage was not communicated to Pepys, nor perhaps was it quite distinctly before Montagu's own mind—it depended on so many calculations, and on so many contingencies that were beyond the reach of calculation. Pepys made his will, and left to his wife all he had in the world, except his books. In spite of his joyous anticipations connected with the purpose of the voyage, which he more than suspected, he had misgivings; and he seems to have busied himself in reading signs in the heavens, and guessing what destiny was about, by watching the shiftings of the clouds, and the changes of the wind. "I took," says he, "a short, melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. At Westminster, by reason of rain and an easterly wind, the water was so high that there were boats rowed in King street, and all our yards were drowned that no one could go to my house, so as no man has seen the like almost, and most houses full of water."

* Charles Rex, George Monk, Richard Cromwell.

Montagu also made his will, for we have an entry:—"Carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. W. Montagu, for him to keep for him." Still, in spite of a few misgivings, the omens were favorable, and Pepys soon gets into exulting spirits. Pepys' had been a prosperous life hitherto, and there was now the dawn of higher prosperity. Competence, at least, was within his reach—probably wealth, and perhaps rank. The manners of the time were such as to us would appear strange—nay, shabby. Presents—bribes, in truth—were universal; and it seems astonishing how a system of corruption, extending itself to everything, and overspreading private and public life, did not leave society less sound at the core than it appears to have been. When Downing, Pepys' first master, went on an excursion to Holland, he took a civil leave of the poor clerk, who was trembling lest his master was about dismissing him. "I was afraid," says Pepys, "that he would have told me something of removing me from my office; but he did not; but that he would do me any service that lay in his power. So I went down, and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap; but he coming too late with it, I did not present it to him; and so I returned and went to Heaven,* where I dined."

Pepys was now in the position to feel how much more blessed it is to receive than to give. He is appointed secretary to the two generals of the fleet, and we find him writing, in his secret cipher—"Strange how these people do promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun; and one offered me a silver hat-band to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby." We have an entry of the 30th—"I was saluted in the morning with two letters from some one I had done a favor to, which brought me in each a piece of gold." Neither of the passages which we have last quoted are in the earlier editions of the "Diary;" and this may suggest to our readers how imperfect any acquaintance with the book derived from the former editions can be. An entry of April the 1st follows, the following sentence of which was first printed in 1848:—"April 1 (Lord's day).—This morning I gave Mr. Hill, that was on board with the vice-admiral, a bottle of wine, and was exceedingly satisfied with the power I have to make my friends welcome." Some parts of the entry, that may be of use with reference to general history, follow; but their value for this, or for any purpose, is diminished, by omitting anything illustrative of the character of the writer. The entire unreserve with which everything that passes through his mind is jotted down, is no inconsiderable part of the evidence that makes us rely entirely on his fidelity. Montagu soon ceased to have any secrets from Pepys; but the necessity of caution and secrecy still existed. When at sea, they learn that

* "False Heaven, at the end of the Hall."—*Hudibras*.
A place of entertainment in Old Palace-yard.

ther towards a king; that the Skinners' Company, the other day, at their entertaining of General Monk, had took down the Parliament Arms in their Hall, and set up the King's. My Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several captains of the fleet, and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the King. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own captain to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain Stokes." We soon, however, have the fleet with the king. Pepys drew up the vote, and we have the letter which accompanied the official copies of it signed with his name:—"Sir—He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud *Vive le Roys*, echoed from one ship's company to another, he and he only can apprehend the joy this enclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is your humble servant—S. PEPPYS."

The pecuniary distress of the royal family at the moment of the Restoration is mentioned:—

May 16, 1660. This afternoon Mr. E. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition, for clothes and money, the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord. their clothes not being worth forty shillings, the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the port-manteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

On the 17th, Pepys was presented to the king, the Duke of York, and the princess royal.

May 23, 1660. We weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather, we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the king was standing with his hands on the back of a chair at the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France,

where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy, (which was all the ship's company,) and so get to Fecamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.

Pepys is, however, occupied in one way or other for a month more, so as to have no opportunity of rejoining his family; and it is not until the 22nd of the following month that we have the entry—"To bed the first time since my coming from sea in my own house, for which God be praised." On the 8th of July we have the entry—"To Whitehall Chapel, where I got in with ease, by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing men in surplices, in my life. The Bishop of Chichester [King] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like, that the clergy should meddle with matters of state."

The 10th is an important day with Pepys. It was the day on which his patron obtained the title of Earl of Sandwich. It was more important on other accounts. "This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life." It had further interest. Pepys had an eye for pretty women, and that day he took his wife to "a great wedding of Nan Hartlib's to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House, with very great state, cost, and able company. But among all the beauties there my wife was thought the greatest." "Home, with my mind pretty quiet; not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed."

On the 13th Pepys rises early, for he has business to do—he had been promised the patent place of Clerk of the Acts, and he had to pass his patent. This was difficult, for fees were to be paid to every one who had anything to do in preparing it; and it would seem that even a copying clerk, who had not been the person himself to copy it, was near interrupting all by insisting that it was not fairly written. However, Pepys gave him "two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me." Pepys' fear was lest some sudden change should displace his patron from power, before the patent was passed. The business of the day, however, succeeded to his heart's content, and on that day he was a happy man. "It was," this faithful record states, "the first day I put on my black camlett cloak with silver buttons." The same entry concludes with a notice which shows to what the court was coming, and that another reign than that of the Puritans was what the English people had to prepare themselves for:—"Late writing letters, and great doings of musique, at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and the Duke there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they had a fancy too, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door, that did go into his lodgings, my

Lord, I, and W. Howe did stand, listening a great while to the musique." The whispering about Madame Palmer goes on, and there is more in the matter than Pepys has heard; the king, however, and not the duke, seems the favored lover. "There are factions," we are told, "private ones at court, about Mrs. Palmer, but what it is about I know not. But it is about the King's favor to her now that the Queen is coming." Our next meeting with Mrs. Palmer is as Lady Castlemaine. We are told of a patent for "Roger Palmer (Madame Palmer's husband) to be Earl of Castlemaine and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honor is tied up to the males of the body of this wife, the reason whereof everybody knows." Soon after we have an account that Lady Castlemaine, "being quite fallen out with her husband, did yesterday go away from him with all her plate, jewels, and other best things, and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's; which I am apt to think was a design to get her out of town, that the King might come at her the better." This entry was in July. In the following January we have recorded a visit to Whitehall, "where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them. Among other discourse am told how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine, and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone, privately; and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it." In February he is told "that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents made him by the peers given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewels than the Queen and Duchess both put together." In a miscellaneous entry of the 25th of April, the greater part of which was suppressed in the earlier editions, we find a good deal worth preserving:—

April 25th, 1663. In the evening, merrily practising the dance which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall this day I bought a book, lately printed, and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplain, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the Papists—a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queen Mother's father confessors, the bishop, which troubles many good men and members of parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for it. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian preachers upon public occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, &c., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. I did fear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he not having supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath

been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say, is removed, as to her bed, from her own house, to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's own, which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.—Vol. II., New Edition, p. 134.

The course of the king's love is not, however, without eddies:—

3rd of June. In the Hall to-day Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen began to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was. It may be, at any rate, the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses—my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart.

October 14th. My Lady Castlemaine, then, is in as great favor as ever, and the King supped with her the very first night he came from Bath, and last night, and the night before, supped with her, when there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen, that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered, "Zounds! she must set the house on fire, but it should be roasted;"* so it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband, and there it was roasted.

The queen is dangerously ill; but the attentions to Lady Castlemaine are not discontinued:

Oct. 20, 1663. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queen do, and how the King tends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queen's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard, which is very strange that it should be no more known, but, perhaps, it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it much at heart, for that he hath wept before her; but, for all that, that he hath not missed one night since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine, which I believe is true; for she says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself, coming through the street, dressing up a great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her, which is a very strange thing.

Public calamities do not interfere with this infatuation:—

This day come news from Harwich, that the Dutch fleet are all in sight, near 100 sail, great and small, they think coming towards them, where they think they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they wrote from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir W. Cholmely came to me this day, and tells me the court is as bad as ever; that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and these were all mad in hunting of a poor moth. All the court afraid of a parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a parliament.

In reviewing a book of this kind, it is impossible to adopt any very systematic arrangement:—

21st (Lord's day.) To the Parke. The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James' (the first time it hath been ready for her.) I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where

* Lord Sandwich's housekeeper.

her closet is, and there stood, and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine crosses, and many other fine things. I heard their musique too, which may be good, but it did not appear so to me; neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queen very devout; but what pleased me best was, to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the Queen to chapel. By and bye, after mass was done, a fryer, with his cowl, did rise up, and preach a sermon in Portuguese, which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's Chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queen's presence-chamber, where she and the king was expected to dine; but she staying at St. James', they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence, and there he dined alone; and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not have too much of that liberty, for my honor sake only, not but that I am very well received.

There was a report of Lady Castlemaine's becoming Roman Catholic. "I heard," says Pepys, "for certain, that Lady Castlemaine is turned Papist, which the Queen for all do not much like, thinking that she do it not for conscience sake." The date of this entry is 22nd December, 1663. There is a letter from Monsieur de Lionne to Louis XIV. of this date, which says, "*Le Roy d'Angleterre estant tant prié par les parents de la dame d'apporter quelque obstacle a cette action, repondit galamment, que pour l'ame des dames il ne s'en meloit point.*"*

We have a scene in which Pepys exhibits his own character in his descriptions, not alone of the beauty, but of the dress of the ladies:—

By and by, the King and Queen—the Queen, in a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *a la negligence*, mighty pretty, and the King rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, rode amongst the rest of the ladies, but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she did light, did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but she was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of; and yet she is very handsome, but very melancholy. Nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing, which it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked, and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

There are amusing stories of the jealousies

* Lord Braybrooke—note in the new edition. Lord Braybrooke gives, in an appendix, extracts from this correspondence; but the letter to which he refers is not given.

between these ladies—more amusing of their loves. One is “how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night began a frolique that they two must be married, and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service and ribbands, and a sack-posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but in the close it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the king came and took her place.” A few days after Pepys had first heard this story, it was told him again by a person likely to be acquainted with the fact, and we have the following record:—“Pickering tells me that the story of my Lady Castlemaine’s and Stewart’s marriage is certain, and that it was in order to the king’s coming to Stewart, as is believed generally.” The etiquette of the French, and it would seem of the English court, was that the king’s mistress should be a married woman, and hence the parody of the marriage ceremony. The Duke of York was also for a while a captive to the fair Stewart’s charms; yet, in spite of Pepys’ stories, she seems to have escaped the snares and scandal of this abandoned court with but slight damage to her reputation. When the queen was dangerously ill, and her death appeared certain, the prevalent belief was that Charles intended to marry her, and there was afterwards a report that he still had the same intention, and was about to obtain a divorce from the queen. This fear, it was said, led the chancellor, Lord Clarendon, to make up a match between her and the Duke of Richmond. “I hear,” says Pepys, “how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke and Mrs. Stewart as is talked; and that the Duke by a wife did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridgefoot, where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent without the King’s leave, and that the King saith he will never see her more; but people do think that it is only a trick.” Again, “Pierce told us the story how in good earnest the King is offended with the Duke’s marrying, and Mrs. Stewart sending the King his jewels again. As he tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read of in my life.” An after entry tells us of the formidable enemy of beauty whose sting has been disarmed by modern science:—

March 26, 1668. This noon sent to Somerset-House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the small-pox, by which all do conclude that she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath the benefit of it, to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a king, and yet without the least imputation.

It would seem, then, either that the former statements of Pepys had less of truth in them than he thought at the time, or that strange misconstructions were given to what was but girlish gawety and lightheartedness. Through Pepys’

work we have several notices of the pictures of Mrs. Stewart. Of one by Cooper he tells us—“There I did see Mrs. Stewart’s picture, as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the small-pox; and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be by people’s discourse now.” The lady, however, was still lucky—she escaped without the injury that was apprehended, and reappeared at court in more than her former beauty.

In the “Diary” we have minute accounts of the Plague, and its gradual progress. It comes in strangely—like the measured tones of a death-bell—among statements of every kind of frivolity and dissipation. We have the first notices of alarm when it is known in London that it is in Amsterdam—the quarantine regulations—the gradual increase of the bills of mortality—the flight of everybody that could leave London. In one place we have him conversing on some ordinary matter of business when they come close by the bearers with a body dead of the plague, and then follows the entry, “Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come to think nothing of it.” Pepys himself removed his family to Woolwich, and we have a letter from him to Lady Carteret, dated from that place:—

The absence of the court and emptiness of the city takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your ladyship any divertisement in the hearing; I having stayed in the city till about 7,400 died in one week, and of them above 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day nor night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber-street, and not meet twenty persons from one end to the other, and not 50 upon the Exchange; till whole families (10 and 12 together) have been swept away; till my very physician, (Dr. Burnet,) who undertook to secure me against any infection, (having survived the month of his own being shut up,) died himself of the plague; till the nights (though much lengthened) are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service; lastly, till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer’s house shut up, and my baker with his whole family dead of the plague.

The death-bells did not interfere with the marriage festivals; there was marrying and giving in marriage in these as in all times, and there were all the incidents of courtship as in the days that were, and the days that will be; but the days that have passed have left no other chronicler half so observant and so amusing as Pepys. In the first volume of “The Diary,” Oct. 20, 1660, we are introduced to Lady Jemima Montagu, the daughter of Pepys’ patron. “I dined with my lord and lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but he is become a perfect courtier; and among other things, my lady saying she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem. He answered that

he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen."

In July, 1665, we have the young lady's actual wedding. "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing." The first mention of it is on the last day of the previous June. We find Pepys talking of removing his wife to Woolwich, on account of the plague:—"She is lately learning to paint with great pleasure and success. All other things well, especially a new interest I am making by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret and Lady Jemima Montagu." Pepys seems to have been the great negotiator in this arrangement. He goes to Sir G. Carteret's—"Received by my Lady Carteret and her children with most extraordinary kindness, and dined most nobly. I took occasion to have much discourse with Mr. Philip Carteret, (the intended bridegroom,) and find him a very modest man; and I think, verily, of mighty good nature and pretty understanding." "It is mighty pretty to think how my poor Lady Sandwich between her and me is doubtful whether her daughter will like the match or no, and how troubled she is for fear of it, which I do not fear at all, and desire her not to do it; but her fear is the most discreet and pretty that ever I did see." A few days afterwards we have Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jemima's wedding. This, it would appear, was before the young people had actually even seen each other; but not before the Carterets had paid all manner of attentions to the young lady. "Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her. Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her, which makes my lady [Lady Sandwich] and me out of our wits almost, to see the kindness she treats us all with, as if they would buy the young lady." Such is the happy Pepys' exclamation—the same Pepys who, in speaking of another marriage a few days before, describes "the father-in-law and husband contracting for the bride, though a pretty woman, as if they had been buying a horse." The account of the courtship is so peculiar and so amusing, that we must give the entries as we find them:—

July 14th, 1665. I by water to Sir G. Carteret's, and there find my Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jem's wedding; and my Lady Jem is beyond expectation come to Dagenhams, where Mr. Carteret is to go to visit her to-morrow; and my proposal of waiting on him, he being to go alone to all persons strangers to him, was well accepted, and so I go with him. But, Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her! Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her.

15. Mr. Carteret and I to the ferry-place at Greenwich, and there staid an hour crossing the water to and again to get our coach and horses over; and by and by set out, and so towards Dagenhams. But, Lord! what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkerd man ever I met with in my life as to that business. Thither we come, and by that time it begun to be dark, and

were kindly received by Lady Wright and my Lord Crewe. And to discourse they went, my Lord discoursing with him, asking of him questions of travel, which he answered well enough in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all. To supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My Lord would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night, to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber, where I staid a little, to know how he liked the lady, which he told he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night, and down to prayers with my Lord Crewe's family.

16th (*Lord's Day*). Having trimmed myself, down to Mr. Carteret; and we walked in the gallery an hour or two, it being a most noble and pretty house that ever, for the bigness, I saw. Here I taught him what to do; to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off; where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the church's censure for his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. My Lord excellent discourse. Then to walk in the gallery, and to sit down. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, (and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design,) and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration; which made us without have good sport to laugh at.

17th. Up all of us, and to billiards; my Lady Wright, Mr. Carteret, myself, and everybody. By and by the young couple left together. Anon to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Carteret took my advice about giving to the servants £10 among them. Before we went, I took my Lady Jem. apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect.

But, Lord! to see how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of everything that comes from thence, or that have lately been there, so I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich. So anon took leave, and for London.

"Lady Jemima hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers. The young man could not be got to say one word before me or Lady Sandwich of his adventures; but, by what he afterwards relates to his father and mother and sisters, he gives an account that pleases them mightily. All their care now is to

have the business ended, and they have reason, because the sickness puts all out of order, and they cannot safely stay where they are."

The day of the very marriage comes—the 31st of July. Pepys is "up and very betimes at Deptford, and there finds Sir G. Carteret and my lady ready to go." Pepys is in his glory, "Be-ing," he says, "in my new colored silk vest and coat, trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine."

There is unluckily, however, some blundering about the ferry and the coach that is to meet them—wind and tide will not wait, or vary their courses to gratify impatient people, and the canonical hours will be soon over. What is Pepys to do? There is great danger that the young people will be married before he can come, and that they will not see his new coat—he, too, will not see their dresses. Pepys' party have the license and the wedding-ring—it is sent on—they at last have crossed the ferry, and drive hard with six horses; they are, however, only in time to meet the bridal party returning from church, "which troubled us, but however that trouble was soon over, hearing it was well done, they both being in their old clothes, my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfuls of them." "In their old clothes!" What an incident for the son of the old tailor to record! "In their old clothes!" We are tempted to lay down the record. The fact is, Pepys himself was the only one of the company worth looking at. "The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was her gravity in a little greater degree than usual."

All saluted her, but I did not till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost anything was in so great families; but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchinbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too. And so after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtains drawne with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honor, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides.

But we must lay down this pleasant book—the very pleasantest almost that we have ever taken up. To Pepys himself, to his wife, to his theat-

rical acquaintances, some of whom his wife did not altogether approve of, we must find or make other opportunities of introducing our readers. We must see him at his excellent dinners—we must assist at his philosophical soirées—we must go with him to his office, and witness him, in spite of all his frivolities, the best man of business of his time. The period that followed the Commonwealth, and preceded the Revolution, is that of all English history which is best worth studying; and the "Diary" of the annalist whose work we have been examining, does more to explain the second fall of the Stuarts than all the state documents of the period put together. A dissolute and dishonest government England will not long endure.

The *Detroit Commercial Bulletin* gives a description of an invention by Mr. A. A. Wilder, for ascertaining the leeway of a vessel as correctly as the variations of the wind are at present ascertained by a vane and a dial on shore. It consists of a tube four inches in diameter, running down from the binnacle of a vessel to the keel, through which passes a rod, and to which is attached, immediately under the keel, a vane, about eight inches deep and two feet long. This being in dense water, is sure to be operated upon by any leeway the vessel may make; indicated by the needle at the top of the rod, placed upon a plate on which the degrees are marked, situated between the two compasses in the binnacle.

The following is an act of submission addressed by the Père Ventura to the Archbishop of Paris; it relates to a letter of the good father which was published in the *Living Age*.

I, the undersigned, having learned to-day only, by the *Giornal Romano*, that my "*Discours pour les Morte de Vienne*," pronounced and printed at Rome at the end of November, 1848, has been placed among the number of prohibited works; knowing what the church has a right to expect from an obedient child in such a case, particularly if he is an ecclesiastic; deeming myself obliged to give an example of perfect obedience to the judgment of the Apostolic See; having always declared that I desired to subject all my writings to the sovereign pontiff, and being anxious to prove the truth of such declaration, without being constrained or counselled by any one, but yielding solely to the sentiments which are suited to every true Catholic, I here freely, and of my own movement, declare that I fully except the said decree of condemnation against the writing mentioned above, without restriction or reservation.

Furthermore, I regret and condemn all and every of the doctrines, maxims, expressions, and words that in that writing, or in any other of mine, have been found, or may be found, in contradiction to the tenets of the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. Finally, I declare that I hope, with the aid of divine grace, to die in that holy church in which I was born, and in which I have lived, ready for that object to endure everything and make every sacrifice.

GIACCHINO VENTURA.

Of the order of the regular Theatin clerks.
Montpellier, Sept. 8.



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE I.—Blisworth Station. *The north train (Peterborough Line) coming in, the north train (Lincoln Line) going out; the Birmingham train waiting to come in, the York train waiting to go out; several cross-country trains coming, going, waiting to come, waiting to go; a few pilot engines running about playfully; a goods' train across the Line, several horses being put into horse-boxes, and kicking on the platform—Luggage scattered about—Porters rushing to and fro—a Station-Master in several places at once, and bells ringing at intervals.*

Unprotected Female (descends hastily from north down train. To Elderly Gentleman.) Do we change carriages here?

Elderly Gentleman (distractedly.) Two portman-teaus, black leather bag, hat-case. Hollo! that's mine!

[Darts after Young Gentleman carrying bag.]

Unprotected Female (to Elderly Gent.) Are you a guard?

Elderly Gent. Go to the dev—(turns and recognizes Female.) No—my trunk—my trunk!

[Rushes wildly in two directions after two parties.]

Struggle.

Unprotected Female. Oh! somebody—(Train begins to move. Screams.) Stop! I'm going on! (Is about to tumble under wheels, is stopped by Porter.) Oh—do we change?

Porter (to Elderly Gent.) Yon's your train—There, ma'am. (Points to Lincoln train. Old Gent. rushes towards it.) No—not yourn, sir:—this here lady's: that's yourn. (To Elderly Gent., pointing to Peterborough train. Unprotected Female rushes towards it.) No, no, ma'am. T' other side for you.

Unprotected Female. There's my bag in the carriage. Oh, dear! dear!

Porter. Which carriage?

Stout Clergyman. This—quick!

[Porter goes towards it.]

Unprotected Female. No—no—That's his—Oh, where's mine? Oh, dear!

Station-Master. Now, ma'am, look sharp. South train going on.

Unprotected Female. Here—Peterborough—South train!

[Springs towards it.]

Station-Master (pulling her back.) No, ma'am. Lincoln. What luggage, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Two boxes—two cases—four parcels—and two little—Oh! That's my carriage, I'm certain.

[Rushes to a carriage, and plunges under seat.]

Commercial Traveller does the same—their heads come into violent contact.

Commercial Traveller. Confound—

Unprotected Female. No, it is n't—and two little boys—a leather one and a carpet one.

Porter (ringing bell.) Now then. London—Lon—Lon—

Unprotected Female. Oh, where, where?

Porter. What is it, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. London, sir?

Porter. Peterborough Line, or Lincoln Line, or Birmingham Line, ma'am! Euston Square or Shoreditch? Now, look sharp!

Unprotected Female (gradually going distracted.) Oh, I don't know!

Elderly Gent. (from train in motion, stretching wildly from carriage.) Hollo! That's my bag on the platform. Stop!

Guard (shutting door violently.) All right!

Unprotected Female (wildly.) My luggage—Oh, dear! my little boys!—Oh—do—somebody!

Station-Master. Lost little boys! Here, quick—lots of little lost boys here—

[Rushes into lost luggage department, followed by Unprotected Female.]

Here you are! [Produces several little boys.]

Unprotected Female. Oh, no—I'm not. Oh, Johnny! Oh, Billy! and my boxes!

[Bell outside, and voice, "Now then, Peterborough train south."]

Unprotected Female (passionately adjuring Station-Master.) Oh, do—sir—put me in somewhere!

Station-Master. This way—not a minute to spare—forward the babies—here—(Shoves Unprotected Female into carriage.) York train!—all right!

[Shuts door violently.]

Unprotected Female (screaming from window.) But I'm going to London!

Guard. All right.

[Train moves on—general confusion Tableau—Scene closes.]

From Bentley's Miscellany.

STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. ROMER.

"Thereby hangs a tale."

It is scarcely possible for any race of people to be more strongly imbued with superstition than the Egyptian Mohammedans. Their belief in supernatural influences is unlimited; and not to mention the inexplicable witchcraft of the Evil Eye, the different descriptions of spirits supposed by them to be allowed to wander upon earth, and interfere with the actions of mankind, exceed in variety the category of kelpies, wraiths, and bogles, which the Scottish peasantry formerly pinned their faith upon. Besides the legions of viewless *ginn* (or *genii*) for whose propitiation all manner of deferential observances are in use, and the *ghools* which are believed to haunt cemeteries, and feed upon the ghastly tenants of the grave, there are *efreets*, a term equally applied to malicious demons, and to the ghosts of murdered persons, which latter are religiously believed by the Egyptians to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and wander restlessly round the scene that witnessed the destruction of their earthly part. Woe to the luckless mortal who should come in contact with an *efreet* during its nocturnal perambulations, for one touch of that shadowy form would turn him into a demoniac! Such, at least, is the faith of the ignorant Egyptians; and that being the case, it is not to be wondered at that they invariably fly with terror from any habitation that has acquired the unenviable reputation of being possessed by a haunting spirit.

Mrs. Poole, in her "Englishwoman in Egypt," has given an interesting account of her sojourn, during the commencement of her residence in Cairo, in a house where a murder had been committed, and which was reputed to be haunted—of the vexations to which she was subjected by the strange noises that were nightly heard, and the consequent terrors of her servants—of the curious methods that were resorted to in order to lay the ghost—and of the impenetrable mystery that involved its final disappearance. When I was in Egypt, Mrs. Poole had removed to another habitation, therefore I had no opportunity of seeing the haunt of her unearthly visitant; but it was my lot to visit in a house in the environs of Cairo, similarly circumstanced, where, although I did not see the ghost, I heard all about it. It is of that house that I am now about to treat.

About three miles from Cairo, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the vice-regal residence of Shoubra, at a place called Minieh, (which, however, must not be confounded with the distant town of Minieh, known to all travellers going up the Nile,) situated in the midst of verdant fields, and just near enough to Mohammed Ali's *rus in urbe* to benefit by the superior cultivation, and the shady avenues that surround that luxurious retreat, there is a pretty country-house, at present in the possession of the English vice-consul,

but which, for several years before he became its proprietor, had remained uninhabited. Notwithstanding the advantages of its position, it had been completely deserted, for popular belief had marked it out as a place accursed—a spot haunted by an *efreet*—and among a people so credulously superstitious as the Mohammedans, no one was to be found either sufficiently *esprit fort* to laugh at the story, or sufficiently courageous to tempt the demon by disputing the locality with it. The tenement would soon have fallen to ruins, had not Mr. Walne, wisely disregarding the public rumor, ventured upon becoming its tenant, and testing in his own person the truth of the strange stories that were circulated concerning its supernatural occupant. He caused the forsaken mansion to be thoroughly repaired and comfortably fitted up; and from the moment of his installing himself there, he has continued to divide his time equally between it and his official residence in Cairo.

I had the pleasure of visiting him at Minieh, and heard from his own lips the circumstances that had attached so unenviable a reputation to his pretty retirement. Certainly nothing could look less like the idea I had formed to myself of a haunted house than that cheerful, commodious habitation, with its cool, airy chambers, and its elegant *deewan*, (or reception room,) adorned with *faisceaux* of valuable Memlook arms, and blending the evidences of oriental usages with European comfort. I looked in vain for any of those gloomy features which are supposed to characterize localities identified with tales of horror: everything was serenely bright; and the haunting spirit of the place, I should have pronounced to be—the spirit of courteous hospitality!

Mr. Walne told me, although he had so far prevailed over the terrors of his Egyptian servants as to have succeeded in inducing them to live in the house, yet that no earthly consideration would tempt any one of them to set foot after dark in that portion of it which composed what had formerly been the women's apartment, or harem. It was in the harem that a fearful crime had been perpetrated by the last Moslem possessor; and it is in the harem that the spirit of the victim is said nightly to wander and bemoan itself. That strange noises were heard there, he admitted to be the case, for his own ears had repeatedly testified to the truth of the assertion; but he accounted for those nocturnal sounds in so rational a manner, that perhaps, in the interest of my story, I ought to keep back the natural causes he assigned for the so-called supernatural visitation. As, however, I honor truth more than I admire romance, I shall hint that his firm conviction was, that the restless ghost was neither more nor less than a legion of rats and mice which had accumulated to an extraordinary extent during the years that the house had been shut up; and that, when it once more became inhabited, they had retreated to the apartments not occupied by his household, (the harem,) where their nightly gambols produced noises which were religiously

believed by his servants to emanate from the awful world of shadows.

The story which gave rise to that belief is as follows, and is curiously characteristic of the manners of the people among whom it occurred:—

Among the superior officers attached to the staff of Ibrahim Pasha, when he commanded the Egyptian army in Syria, was a Bey named Masloun, holding the rank of *Bimbashi*, or colonel, a man of distinguished bravery, and a personal favorite of the Prince Generalissimo, whose confidence he possessed, and over whose mind he exercised great influence. Masloun Bey was still young, and had been married only a few months previous to the opening of the Syrian campaign; but although passionately attached to his youthful wife, he did not deem it advisable to take her with him to the seat of warfare. With the jealous vigilance of a Mohammedan husband, he left her in charge of his mother when he could no longer watch over her himself, first having removed his harem to a country house at Minieh, and strictly enjoining that there it should remain in complete seclusion during the whole period of his absence.

So far from feeling wounded at the distrust evinced by these precautions, the fair Nefeeseh gloried in the jealousy from which they proceeded; for, in common with Mohammedan wives, she would have conceived herself slighted by her husband, had he treated her with that holy confidence which it is the pride of a Christian matron to obtain and to deserve; and—such is the moral debasement consequent upon the system of female education pursued in the East—she would have been wholly unable to distinguish between such a confidence and apathy the most offensive. Therefore, when Mebroukeh, her mother-in-law, exclaimed, “Oh, well hast thou been named Nefeeseh,* my soul! for thou art more precious in the sight of thy husband than every other earthly good; and, like the miser who buries his treasure that none else may see it, he would fain hide thee even from the light of the sun!” Nefeeseh, with a feeling of exultation at being thus valued, submitted with cheerful alacrity to the restrictions imposed upon her, which limited her recreations to rides upon the *homar alee* (or high ass) in the secluded environs of Minieh, and occasionally a visit to Cairo to lay a votive offering upon the shrine of the Seyyideh Zeyneb,† and to supplicate for the intercessions of the Saint with the Most High for safety and protection to Masloun Bey.

But scarcely had Nefeeseh had time to weary of the monotonous dulness of her existence, ere Mebroukeh sickened of a fever and died, and the

young and experienced creature was left to her own guidance, and to rely upon herself alone. At first, the natural sorrow she felt for the loss of one whom she had both loved and revered as a mother, absorbed her too completely to leave her a thought for aught else—but grief dwells not long with the young; and in a few weeks Nefeeseh began to think that there would be no harm in extending her rides, and that there were other motives for going out besides praying at the mosque of the holy Zeyneb, or carrying palm-branches to the great cemetery that skirts the Desert, to adorn her mother-in-law's grave. But timid and ignorant, she knew not how to make use of the liberty she had acquired, or to extend the sphere of her enjoyments; and although each day she sallied forth with her negress slave and her *Saïses*, under the superintendence of old Hussein, the one-eyed eunuch of Mebroukeh, determined to ride through the gay bazaars and thoroughfares of Cairo, and to visit the harems of her friends, the tyrannizing force of habit restrained her, and involuntarily, as it were, she stopped short at the cemetery, and, dismounting from her donkey, took her accustomed station by the tomb of Mebroukeh.

It is a strange, solemn place, that great city of the dead, so thickly peopled, yet so silent: the throng, the hum, the thrift of busy Cairo on one side, the awful stillness of the barren desert on the other—fit emblems of life and eternity, with the inevitable grave between! Turbanned headstones and white rounded cupolas rise over the thousand tombs that stretch in dreary confusion along the skirts of the desert, each day adding some new habitation to that vast Necropolis; and beyond them, placed in the desert itself, rise those graceful monuments of Arabian splendor, the tombs of the Memlook sultans, their fretted domes and delicate arches, and tall minarets clustering in airy pomp over the dust of the foreign mercenaries whose ambition grasped at, and appropriated, the inheritance of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. The very names of the Circassian rulers of Egypt are now almost forgotten in the land they made their own, even as their mausolea are fast crumbling into decay. In another century, dome, and arch, and minaret, will have mingled with the desert sands and be swept into oblivion; and the traveller will ride over the lonely spot, heedless of the “fiery dust,” once instinct with life, that slumbers beneath, and never dreaming that under those heaps of rubbish rest a whole dynasty—a warlike and voluptuous race, who burst the bonds of slavery, and made themselves kings of the antique territory where Joseph governed and Moses legislated!

Little thought Nefeeseh of those brilliant despots, as her eyes wandered listlessly over the picturesque outlines of their tombs; still less did she think, or know, of that race of intellectual Titans who had founded the Great Pyramids that loomed in the distance. One of the painful peculiarities of the actual race of Egyptians is their

* Nefeeseh is the Arabic for *precious*.

† The Seyyideh Zeyneb (our Lady Zeyneb) was the daughter of Ali, and the grand-daughter of the Prophet, and is the object of as much reverential devotion to Mohammedans as the Madonna is to Catholic Christians. The mosque containing the tomb of the saint is resorted to on Wednesdays, when the male votaries place sprigs of myrtle upon the shrine, and the women's offerings consist of roses, jasmine, and the fragrant blossoms of the henna tree.

profound ignorance of the ancient glories of their country; one of the humiliating characteristics of Mohammedan women in general, is their absolute want of all such mental culture as would arouse them to investigation and inquiry on subjects which interest the intellectual portions of the civilized world. To them the past is a blank—the future, nothing—the present, a narrow circle of puerile occupations, in which the tastes and requirements of mere animal existence predominate. To them the Region of Intellect is a *Terra Incognita* which they never dream of exploring. To read and write a very little—to embroider—to compound those delicate violet-sherbets and rose-conserves, which the inmates of the most distinguished hareems in Cairo reserve for their own peculiar care—to dance with the wanton allurements of a Ghawazee—and to excel in those feminine arts of personal adornment, by which a husband's sensual preference is to be propitiated—such are the attainments that constitute a thoroughly accomplished Mohammedan woman. But of that higher moral education which exalts the mind, purifies the heart, and spiritualizes the affections, they are as ignorant as the beasts of the field.

Nefeseh was not in advance of the generality of her countrywomen in the development of intellectual resource; and while seated in that solemn place, surrounded by so many incentives to reflection, she languidly fanned away the flies with a green palm-branch, her thoughts took no bolder flight than wondering whether Masloum Bey would return home before the Moolid-en-Nebbi,* or whether he would remain absent another year; whether her new *shintyani* (trousers) should be composed of Aleppo satin or of the Caireen silk called *Devil's-skin*; mixed up with reflections half-tender, half-indignant, upon the protracted duration of her temporary widowhood, and the inutility of ordering new clothes when there was no husband near to admire her—no Fantasia† to go to, or to give. How long was she thus to be debarred the pleasures of her age and station!

In the midst of these cogitations her attention was attracted towards a young man seated at some little distance, whose eyes were evidently riveted on her person. He wore the elegant dress of an Effendi, but his observation of her appeared to be connected with an occupation which she had never yet seen exercised by an Egyptian Effendi, or even a scribe. With a portable desk before him, upon which rested a large open book, and an apparatus in no way resembling the reed-pen and inkhorn of an eastern scribe, (it was a palette and a box of colors,) he appeared, when he withdrew his eyes from the place she occupied, to be intent upon noting down something, every now and then looking up from the page to her form, and then resuming his task.

* The great annual festival in honor of the birth of the Prophet.

† The Arabs denominate every entertainment given in the harem a fantasia.

His hands were much whiter than those of her countrymen, and his complexion many degrees fairer—so fair, as to have appeared almost effeminate, had not a well-formed light brown moustachio imparted a certain degree of manliness to his youthful countenance.

Nefeseh's curiosity was aroused, and she felt that before she quitted the cemetery she must ascertain the nature of the stranger's employment. Looking round first, to be certain that no observer was within ken, she directed her negress, Naïmé, to approach near enough to the Effendi to peep over his shoulder and glance at the contents of his book. The girl immediately obeyed; but, with that address peculiar to the sex in all parts of the world, instead of at once advancing towards the point of attraction, she moved off in a contrary direction with an air of the most unconscious carelessness, and after describing a considerable circumbendibus, stole softly upon him from behind, and cast her eyes furtively over his open book.

A shrill cry, smothered in a moment, caused the young man to start and look round, and as his eyes met those of the intruder, the ejaculation of "Bismillah!" (In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate) burst from Naïmé's lips, and throwing a handful of salt into his face—the common method of neutralizing the effect of the Evil Eye—she scampered away with all the speed of terror.

"Fly, oh my mistress!" she exclaimed, as she regained the side of Nefeseh; "truly, the Effendi is not a man, but a sorcerer—he is casting a spell over us! When I looked over his shoulder, I beheld, oh, wonderful! no writing in his book, but you, my mistress—you yourself there, and your slave, Naïmé, by your side!"

"Wonderful!" repeated her mistress; "God is great! Can I be there, and here too?"

"And when I looked in his face, it was strange and beautiful to behold—the blueness of his eyes dazzled me! the fire that darted from them scorched me up!" continued Naïmé.

At these words, Nefeseh arose and advanced a few paces toward the stranger; but Naïmé, grasping her dress, exclaimed, in affright,

"Whither are you going, oh, my mistress? Look not upon those eyes, as you love your soul!"

"I must see what thou hast seen, ya Naïmé! The man is doubtless a magician. I will ask him to show me Masloum, my husband."

And heedless of the danger she was incurring had any one beheld her accosting a man, Nefeseh was quickly at the side of the stranger. Luckily, there was no one in sight, and her imprudence produced no fatal results.

She cast her eyes with a strange mixture of eagerness and terror over the page which had thrown her slave into such a tremor, but prepared in some measure by Naïmé's declaration for what she was to see, her senses stood the shock of beholding a very striking and spirited drawing, representing herself and her negress seated among

the tombs, with which the artist—for such he was—had enriched his sketch-book.

For a moment she stood in rapt astonishment, gazing upon the sketch; then, turning her flashing black orbs (all that the discreet boorkoo permitted to be revealed of her face) upon the stranger, she found his eyes fixed in most undisguised admiration upon her own.

"Mashallah!" burst from her lips, while something of fascination seemed to emanate from the "unholy blue" of those bold eyes, that chained her to the spot in a state of feeling vibrating between fear and delight. The young man at length withdrew his gaze, and turning over the leaves of his book, drew her attention to a sketch of Mohammed Ali, and another of Abbas Pasha, both of them such admirable likenesses, that Nefeseh at once recognized them.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands; "truly this is magic, oh man! Canst thou, in like manner, show me my husband, Masloun Bey, the Lion of War, the companion of Ibrahim Pasha in Syria, for my soul is sick at his absence, and languishes to behold him?"

Unhesitatingly, but in terms so respectful that they inspired confidence, the stranger assured her that his art would enable him to show her the image of Masloun Bey; but for this achievement a day or two must be allowed him, and even then, he ventured to suggest, the cemetery would be a perilous place to attempt a second interview; it was open to the public; to-day it was deserted, another day would it be so?

While he yet spoke, Naïmé, rushing up to her mistress, seized her by the skirt of her anteree, and dragging her away, declared that the old eunuch was waking from his nap, and, in another moment, would be in quest of her; and Nefeseh, hurrying away, contrived to regain her usual place, before Hussein became aware of her absence; and when he rejoined her, she was fanning herself as deliberately with the green palm branch, as though nothing had occurred.

They mounted their donkeys and returned to Minieh. Once or twice, on her way home, Nefeseh turned her head round, and beheld the Effendi following at a considerable distance; on reaching the gate of her residence she again glanced back, and there he was, stationed at the foot of a tree, evidently watching her movements. No sooner had she entered, than she ascended to the terraced roof, and saw the stranger advance near enough to take a scrutinizing view of the premises, and then turn back and retrace his steps to Cairo.

The following day was Thursday, the eve of the Mohammedan Sabbath, when it is the custom for the friends of the dead to flock to the cemeteries, and adorn the tombs of their kindred with green palm branches; the succeeding one, the Sabbath itself, the day on which, in accordance with Moslem customs, the distribution of bread and meat to the poor takes place at the graves of certain wealthy individuals who have left bequests to that effect. On both of those occasions Nefeseh was there,

and she could see that the young artist was there also, but amidst so many lookers on there was no possibility of accosting him with safety. The first day her patience was sorely chafed by this obstacle, but on the second it waxed so faint that she would certainly have committed herself by some imprudence, had not a circumstance accidentally facilitated the doing that on which her mind was bent.

A rich bey was on that day buried, and the funeral ceremonies terminated by a buffalo being slaughtered at his grave, and the flesh divided among the clamorous poor assembled there. When this disgusting spectacle commenced, there was a general rush towards the spot, and in the confusion caused by the crowd hurrying thither from all sides, the artist contrived to approach Nefeseh near enough to whisper, "Can you read?"

"Yes!" was the brief reply. In the next moment a slip of paper was thrust into her hand, and he was gone.

Thus ran the scrap:—"Your wish has been obeyed, but the image of the Lion of War can only be revealed to you in his own harem. Can you trust your negress to assist in bringing this to pass? If so, send her forth this evening to the end of the road that leads to Shoubra, order her to obey my directions in all things, and leave the rest to me."

The imprudent Nefeseh, carried away by her wishes, impelled by a mingled feeling of curiosity to behold the image of her absent husband, and of dangerous longing to see more of the stranger, whom she suspected to be a Frank as well as a magician, returned home, not to hesitate, but to resolve. Naïmé was easily prevailed on to do her mistress' bidding, and that evening beheld her sally forth on her unhallowed mission.

Night came on; the lamp was lighted in the harem; old Hussein slumbered at his post, and Nefeseh, wondering and alarmed at the protracted absence of her slave, roamed backwards and forwards from the latticed windows to the staircase, listening for her coming. At last the outer door was beaten upon, the eunuch, with his one eye but half open, lazily roused himself to undo the fastenings, and as the muffled form of Naïmé glided in, Nefeseh rushed forward, seized her by the hand, and dragged her into her room, venting her agitation in angry reproaches for her dilatoriness. At the same moment Hussein locked the harem door upon them, and leaving his mistress and her hand-maiden to finish their dispute, bore away the key to its nightly place under his pillow, and was soon asleep again.

"What said the Frank magician to thee? Where is the image of my husband?" were the eager inquiries of Nefeseh, as soon as Hussein was out of hearing.

Without uttering a word, Naïmé produced from under her wrappings a roll of paper, which she opened out, and placed before her mistress; and while Nefeseh bent over it, and saw that the pictured scroll represented the interior of a tent, with

an Egyptian Bey reclining upon cushions, and a Ghawazee wantonly dancing before him, her attendant deliberately unfastened her face-veil, and divested herself of her muffings.

A jealous pang shot through the young wife's bosom, as she gazed upon the drawing; then, with an angry flush, looking up, she beheld standing before her, not Naïmé, but—the Frank stranger!

He had inveigled the negress into a house near Shoubra, and there, having plied her with candied *hashhish*, a condiment which no Egyptian can resist, he took advantage of the delirium produced by that intoxicating preparation, to induce her to lend him her *tob*, her *habbarah*, and her *boorkoo*, with which he effectually disguised himself; and then locked her up, intending to return and liberate her before the fumes of the *hashhish* were dissipated. And thus did that rash Christian boldly violate the sanctity of Masloum Bey's harem.

But in the middle of the night a strange, unwonted noise was heard at Nefeesch's gate. The hand of some one, evidently in terror, beat violently upon it, and a shrill female voice, in piercing accents, cried—"Open quickly, oh Hussein! It is I, Naïmé. I have been bewitched, robbed, locked up by an accursed Frank sorcerer, a son of the Evil One! By your eyes! open, I say, and save me!"

Hussein, aroused, and now fully awake, answered through the door—"Begone, fool! what dirt wouldst thou make me eat with thy lies! Naïmé is safe in the harem and asleep. Pass on thy way, and let us sleep too."

"I tell thee, oh Hussein! that I am Naïmé. Open the door and be convinced. I have been plundered and locked up, and have escaped out of a window, and here I am, half naked, and well nigh mad; or, if thou wilt not believe my words, go to the harem and believe thine eyes, for thou wilt not find Naïmé there."

Thus adjured, Hussein unbarred the door, and opened it just wide enough to enable him to see, by the clear moonlight, Naïmé crouching on the threshold, with barely sufficient covering on her limbs to answer the purposes of decency.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand, and dragging her in: "what devilry is this! Thou art Naïmé indeed, and, yet, with this hand, I locked thee in the harem with thy mistress at nightfall!"

"Wallah!" ejaculated the negress, in a tone of dismay; "then the Frank is with my mistress!"

Hussein hastily lighted a *fenoos*, drew forth the key of the harem, took down his sabre, and then mounted the staircase leading to the women's apartment, followed by Naïmé.

Locked in—unable to escape, for there was but one outlet to the harem, and of that Hussein held the key—the windows secured by iron bars, that precluded all attempts at egress, Nefeesch and her companion heard the voices and the sound of approaching footsteps, with the terrible conviction that they were lost; but desperation lent them energy. When, therefore, Hussein unlocked the

door, and perceiving a man within, rushed at him with his drawn sword, both of the delinquents precipitated themselves upon him, and while Nefeesch clung round the old eunuch, and effectually impeded his movements, the young Frank easily disarmed him, and, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, rushed down stairs and out of the house, leaving his victim to meet alone the consequences of their transgression.

With the generous heroism of woman, Nefeesch continued to detain and to struggle with the old man, until convinced that the fugitive had made good his escape; then, relinquishing her grasp, she fell at Hussein's feet, embraced his knees, covered his hands with tears, and kissing them in token of humility, she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not betray her to her husband. She protested her innocence of all connivance in the stranger's fraudulent entry into the harem; showed him the picture that had led to such fatal consequences, and appealed to Naïmé for the truth of what she advanced. For a length of time he remained absolutely steeled against her despair, but at last a sullen promise was extracted from him, that he would remain forever silent upon the events of that night; and Nefeesch once more breathed freely.

How did he keep his promise?

Masloum Bey was one evening seated with Ibrahim Pasha in a kiosk built by the prince at the hot springs on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, near Tiberias, where the head-quarters of the Egyptian army were then established. There had been wine and wassail, and dancing girls to enliven the leisure of the voluptuary and his favorite, and the faces of both were flushed with excess, when, in a pause of the entertainment, it was announced, that a horseman had arrived bearing a letter for Masloum Bey.

He quitted the presence, and found in the ante-room one of his own saises, who had ridden night and day from Cairo, with a despatch from Hussein the eunuch. A few brief lines told him the history of Nefeesch's frailty, and his own dishonor.

Masloum Bey reëntered the kiosk, prostrated himself before the prince, and, confiding to him the substance of Hussein's letter, entreated for leave to return immediately to Egypt, promising that his absence from the army should not exceed six weeks, the time necessary for the journey thither and back again. Ibrahim Pasha not only granted his favorite permission to return home, but, well knowing that vengeance was the motive that impelled him thither, gave him a *carte blanche* for everything he might do during his stay in Egypt; and, thus furnished, Masloum Bey lost not a moment in commencing his journey.

It is a weary ride, that long, long route from the land of Galilee to the banks of the Nile; and Masloum's thoughts were turbulent companions to him on the way; but at last, after many a restless day and night passed in the saddle, the minarets of Cairo greeted his longing eyes. And soon he entered its narrow, picturesque-looking streets, and

directing his horse's steps towards the bazaar of the carpenters, stopped at the workshop of one of the artisans there, and having purchased a ready-made coffin, which he desired should be sent after him to his house at Minieh, spurred onwards home.

It was high noon when Masloun Bey alighted at his own gate. Nefesech was within the hareem, and heard not his approach; she seldom left it now. Although unsuspicious of Hussein's treachery, her mind was racked by many fears and anxieties; what had become of the Frank whose reckless audacity had so cruelly compromised her? She knew not that he had secured himself against all the fatal penalties consequent upon the imprudence he had committed, by a hasty flight from Cairo; and, although she would have given the world to ascertain his fate, she dared not allude to him either to Hussein or Naïmé. Humiliated by the presence of those two servants, yet not daring to part with them, lest by so doing she should arouse their resentment, and cause them to betray her, her days were passed in silence and gloom, her nights in unavailing tears. The sight of his cemetery, connected as it was with her imprudence, had become odious to her—even the shrine of the holy Zeyneb failed in bringing comfort to her aching heart, for she no longer dared to pray there for the return of Masloun Bey! Absorbed in these painful thoughts, Nefesech sat supinely in her hareem, while Naïmé stood by, fanning the flies away, when the curtain before the entrance was violently drawn aside, and Masloun Bey entered!

With a cry of surprise Nefesech arose, and would have prostrated herself at her husband's feet; but as she cast herself forward to do so, he unsheathed his sabre, and receiving her on the point of it, ran her through the body. Not a word had been uttered by either—scarcely a look exchanged—so rapidly was the fatal deed accomplished! Hussein stood by, gazing with hardened malice upon the scene; Naïmé rushed out of the house in frantic terror, and stopped not until she arrived at the *cadi's*.

Calm and implacable, Masloun Bey stood look-

ing on until the last quivering of Nefesech's limbs told him that she was dead. Then composedly desiring Hussein to have the coffin he had purchased brought in, he placed the bleeding corpse of his wife within it, summoned his household, and desiring them to carry the body to the cemetery, walked before it thither with his bloody sword in his hand, and saw it consigned to the earth without a prayer being recited, or a tear shed over it.

On his return home, Masloun Bey found the officers of justice, who had been apprised of the murder by Naïmé, waiting to arrest him; and by them he was conveyed to the citadel of Cairo, where criminals are tried. But upon being confronted with the *cadi*, he produced the *carte blanche* given to him by Ibrahim Pasha, which empowered him to do whatever he chose with impunity within a given time, and the judges were obliged to discharge him!

And he returned forthwith to Syria, triumphing at the manner in which he had vindicated the honor of a betrayed husband; and laying his ensanguined sword at Ibrahim Pasha's feet, swore by the soul of the Prophet that it should be cleansed from those foul stains in the best blood of the prince's enemies.

The house of Minieh remained for a considerable period uninhabited after the dreadful tragedy that had been enacted in it. After a time, it fell successively into the hands of several occupants, but none of them remained there long: strange unearthly sounds disturbed the rest of every tenant of the hareem, and, connected with the all-known history of Nefesech's murder, gave rise to the popular belief that her spirit haunted the tenement, and would admit of no human fellowship there. At last it became utterly abandoned by the native Mohammedans; and, as I have already stated, fell into the possession of its present worthy occupant, whose faith in *rat-traps* as the most effectual method of laying the ghost of Masloun Bey's wife, is a very unromantic termination to my Story of a Haunted House.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—There are two points in which it is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classic chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect, particularly, the American ladies are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally very small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl; who, well aware of their attractiveness, has a thousand little coquettish ways of her own of temptingly exhibiting them. That in which the American women are most deficient is roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well-rounded forms are not to be found in America. Whilst this is the characteristic of English beauty, it is not so prominent a feature in America. In New England, in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in the central valley of Virginia, the female form is, generally speak-

ing, as well rounded and developed as it is here; whilst a New England complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a match for an English one. This, however, cannot be said of the American women as a class. They are, in the majority of cases, over-delicate and languid; a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise. An English girl will go through as much exercise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue, as an American will in a day, and be overcome by the exertion. It is also true, that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the south, where it seems to fade ere it has well bloomed. But it is much more lasting in the north and north-east; a remark which will apply to the whole region north of the Potomac, and east of the lakes; and I have known instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our own hardy climate can produce.

Mackay's Western World.

From the Spectator.

FAU'S ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS.*

Of all works on anatomy intended for the student of art, the one before us combines in the highest degree the most desirable qualities—fulness and compactness, naturalness and clearness, accuracy and vitality, comprehensiveness and practically intelligible classification. We know of no writer who can give the artist so sufficient an idea of the human frame, its structure and motions, as M. Fau, aided by the admirable illustrations of M. Lévillé. Many works have been more voluminous and penetrating, but they serve to mislead by confusing the mind. Others have been more simple and synoptical, but they are meagre. In regard to the plates, some have been natural enough, like the illustrations to Bell's book; but they are the ragged and mangled image of the dead subject as it appears under the mutilations of the dissecting-knife, uncleared of the non-essential accidents that obscure the essential details to the artist, and entangle the eye, as it were, in a disordered skein of useless waste-stuff. Others, like the useful little volume of Sharpe, or the intelligent and symmetrical drawings of Kirk, are cleared from this rubbish, but are mechanical and unlike nature—are diagrams rather than representations. Cowper, the surgeon, devoted a portion of his vast volume to the service of the art, for which he evidently had a strong feeling; but, unlike the portion of his work devoted to the phenomena of gestation, the artistic portion is heavy, unartistic, and diagramlike. Da Vinci's useful book on painting, with its sketches of action, fails for want of the specific in the anatomical details. Even in the dissecting-room the student is too apt to find that the demonstrator does not enter into the needs of the artist, but is a guide who leads him into a maze of physiological minutiae that have little bearing on external symmetry. On the other hand, the study of anatomy on the surface of the living figure is excessively obscured by the outer and formless integuments, which conceal and often disguise the alterations of muscular form in the action of the more complex parts; inasmuch that the observer has the utmost difficulty to connect the vague intermingling undulations of surface with the bundles of fibres exhibited by the knife or the exact diagrams of the anatomical illustration. The study of the separate muscles, their origin, insertion, and use, all separately, is a very confusing and slow process towards an idea of the living movement and the composition of living attitude. The desideratum has been, some synoptical work which should bring all these phenomena, all these causes, effects, and obscuring influences, into one view;

and such is the function performed by MM. Fau and Lévillé. Their work is a master-key, opening to the student a general view of anatomy; and to the more profound inquirer, who may desire to carry the study further, it furnishes a simple and consistent clue to guide him on his way.

The student, whether amateur or professional, will understand the excellence of the instrument now placed within his reach, from a brief description of the companion volumes—for they are two. This is in itself a very good arrangement. An octavo size is too small for prints; a quarto size is inconvenient for reading; and the union of text and prints in one volume occasions much inconvenience and hinderance in turning the leaves backwards and forwards. In the present work, the general text is placed in the octavo volume; the plates, with the simple explanatory text, are placed in a quarto atlas or portfolio, which can lie open by your side while you are reading.

In the text volume, M. Fau begins by a general glance at the nature of man, modified as he is by climate, race, and temperament; a general view of the organization; a similar view of the bony structure. The mechanism of the articulations is described with reference to the uses and effects of the several kinds on movement and contour; and a chapter is devoted to the outward contour, especially in regard to the skin, and to the varieties of proportion in different individuals, in different ages, and in the two sexes. The first book thus gives the student a general idea of the human form, the essential causes of its modifications or varying aspects, and the leading characteristics of sex, age, or condition.

The second book describes in greater detail the structure of the skeleton; the mode in which the fleshly structure is, as it were, built upon it, thus reciprocally modified in the outward aspect by the bony frame beneath; and the structure and uses of the muscle. In the myological part, the clear style and symmetrical mind of the author conduce to an order and lucidity of the highest kind. He first describes the general form as it appears in the well-developed living model; explaining how the leading muscles are situated; how their swelling affects the contour; how the bones protrude, or, lying between the origination of abruptly bellying muscles, are to be sought in hollow depressions and grooves. He explains how the swelling of the muscles or the play of the looser parts is bound down by the ligaments and aponeurotic coverings, in dividing grooves, in fixed compacted bodies, or in vague depressions. He traces the muscles where they are lost beneath these stiff natural "stays" or the laxer folds of skin and fat. He then describes how these forms are to be traced in the undeveloped structure of childhood; how they become caricatured in the more pronounced forms of old age or hidden by its wrinkles; and still more fully, how they are modified by the altered relations and temperament of the female figure. Then he explains how the forms are altered by movement, gentle or violent,

*The Anatomy of the External Forms of Man; intended for the Use of Artists, Painters, and Sculptors. By Dr. J. Fau. Edited with Additions by Robert Knox, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Corresponding Member of the Academy of France. With an Atlas, containing twenty-eight Drawings from Nature; lithographed by M. Lévillé, Pupil of M. Jacob. Published by Baillière, London and Paris.

—how these muscles start forth in energetic swelling, and those are lost in the depressions of relaxation or deflection; how some are thrust forth by the subjacent muscles or bended bones, and others prevented from rising under the surface by the aponeurotic confinements. In this manner he treats face and head, trunk, arms, and legs; and then the whole is reillustrated by a general anatomical version of the Laocoön. The descriptions are at once plain and graphic, excellently enabling the student to catch the characteristics and identify the forms in their altering condition or posture. Many an amateur student will hail with delight an account that makes clear to him the anatomical structure and mechanism of the living figure through all its disguises of integuments and accidents. The obscurity becomes translucent, the tangled confusion order, the perplexity clear intelligence. Under this treatment, even the superficial anatomy of the scapular region, that "pons asinorum" of the young artist, is made clear to the understanding.

The drawings of M. Léveillé are not less admirable than the arrangement and writing of the author. First there are three prints, containing as many views, back, front, and side, of the male figure; beside each figure is an outline diagram, showing the subjacent skeleton in the same attitude. Then there are views of the female figure, back and front; beside her a child on a sort of pedestal, and below the child a diagram outline displaying the infantile skeleton. These are all drawn with surpassing clearness, so as to display the characteristics as they appear in common nature, without trivialities or confusing accidents. The bones follow, in many prints; drawn with so much delicacy and force as almost to supply the place of the real material bone in making out the relation of parts, and surpassing the real bone in clearness. The myology of the head, trunk, and limbs, is exhibited in a variety of postures, by many prints, in a double series of figures, side by side: one figure shows the part (a limb, say) as it appears in nature, with the bone delicately traced as if it were seen through; the companion figure shows the limb with the skin and fatty integuments cleared away except at the edge, where a sectional view of the skin shows the relation of the muscular outline to the living outline. The muscles are drawn with great delicacy, force, and tact, so as to combine natural aspect with perfect clearness; the shading lines fall into the main direction of the fibres; the aponeurotic coverings and tendons are represented by a light surface, very analogous to their actual aspect, which is heightened in effect rather than caricatured. The perfectness of the drawing is preserved by a very skilful system of numbering the parts, not on the surface but at the edge, with direction-lines pointing to the part indicated, but

so delicate as not to interfere with the pictorial effect. An anatomical version of the Laocoön completes the series.

The translation is not free from some defects, whether philological or technical. Such a word as "méplat" to indicate a flattened surface is scarcely English; and the English student may be a little "tripped up" by an unusual use of terms—as in the distribution of the terms ischium, innominatum, and ileum, in the pelvic, or as they are here called, the "pelvian" bones; a distribution not quite like to that which he has been accustomed in elementary works. Nor, however creditable some portions may be to the taste and intelligence of the English editor, is the additional matter sufficiently digested or matured to add to the value of the work. Nevertheless, Dr. Knox has done the greatest service to the study of art in this country, by placing Dr. Fau's book within the reach of the English reader.

The Days when we had Tails on us. With 14 Colored Illustrations. Dedicated to the Officers of the British Infantry. Newman & Co.

This facetious and amusing *brochure* will no doubt attain, if it has not done so already, the object desired by its author. With us, as with our Gallic neighbors, "*le ridicule tue*," and assumes frequently a greater power to induce the amendment of errors and follies, than the graver efforts of reason. We could feel disposed to descant upon the inferences which might be deduced from the latter fact as singularly illustrating a prominent feature in the character of the present day. To return, however, to the author's lament on the lost "tails," or, as a contemporary tersely calls it, "the Shell Jacket Nuisance;" that such a mandate as the circular memorandum of the 30th June, 1848, should have been at all promulgated, cannot surprise; seeing the antecedents which have at various times distinguished the sagacity of those from whom such thoughts proceed. Indeed, it only confirmed us at the time in our long-entertained opinion, that the want of an intuitive genius for things military was a peculiar feature in our national character. We see it in the dress of our soldiery, we see it in the Barrack Square, in the pencils of our artists who attempt the delineation of a military episode—and "the Duke" has more than once alluded to such a want in higher quarters. Doubtless, however, these things will amend progressively. We are as yet only in the transition state in these matters, and much time will be required with a people of our peculiar constitution of thought, to accept the conviction of the long-established imperfection of our notions. If these affected the length only of "tail" to our officers' jackets, they would yet be innocent, but they have importunately graver tendencies. Some consolation appears, however, at hand for the late indignant curtailment. A rumor is abroad that her majesty has signified her wish that this singular innovation upon decency should be set aside, and the blue frock again substituted. How cheering this must be at the approaching season!—*U. Service Magazine.*

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.